

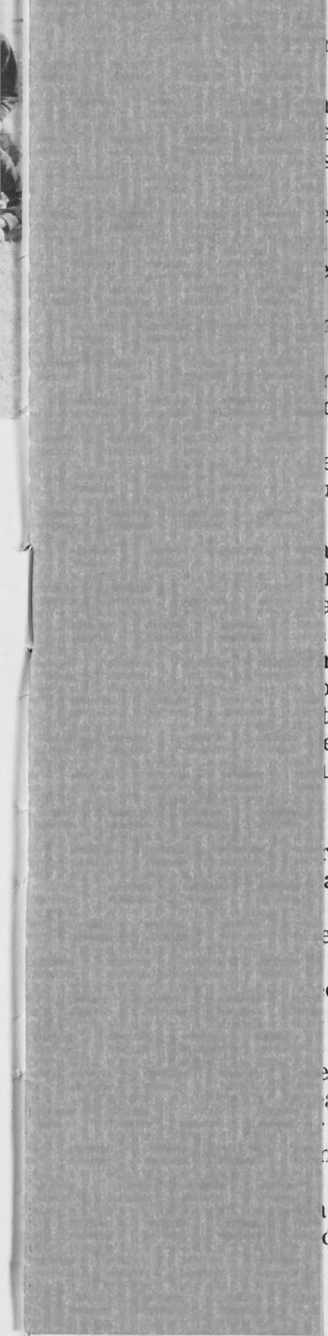
99 BOYS AND A YEAR

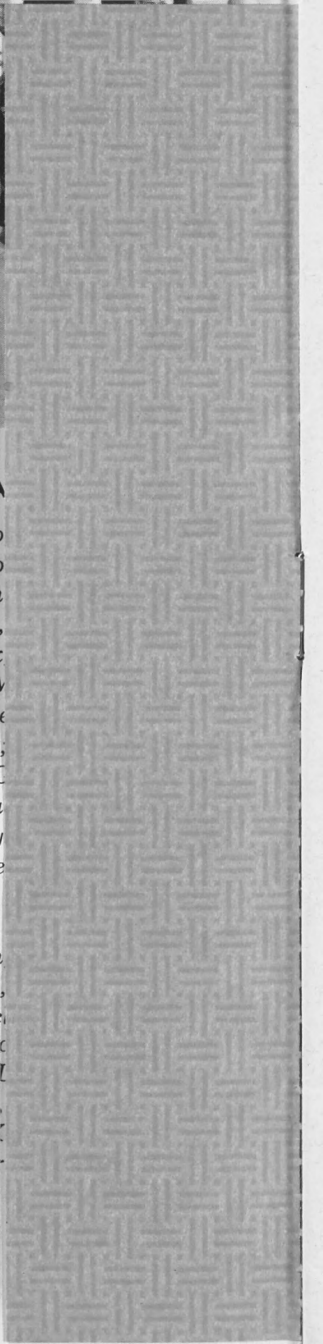
*The Annual Report Of
St. John's Cathedral Boys' School*

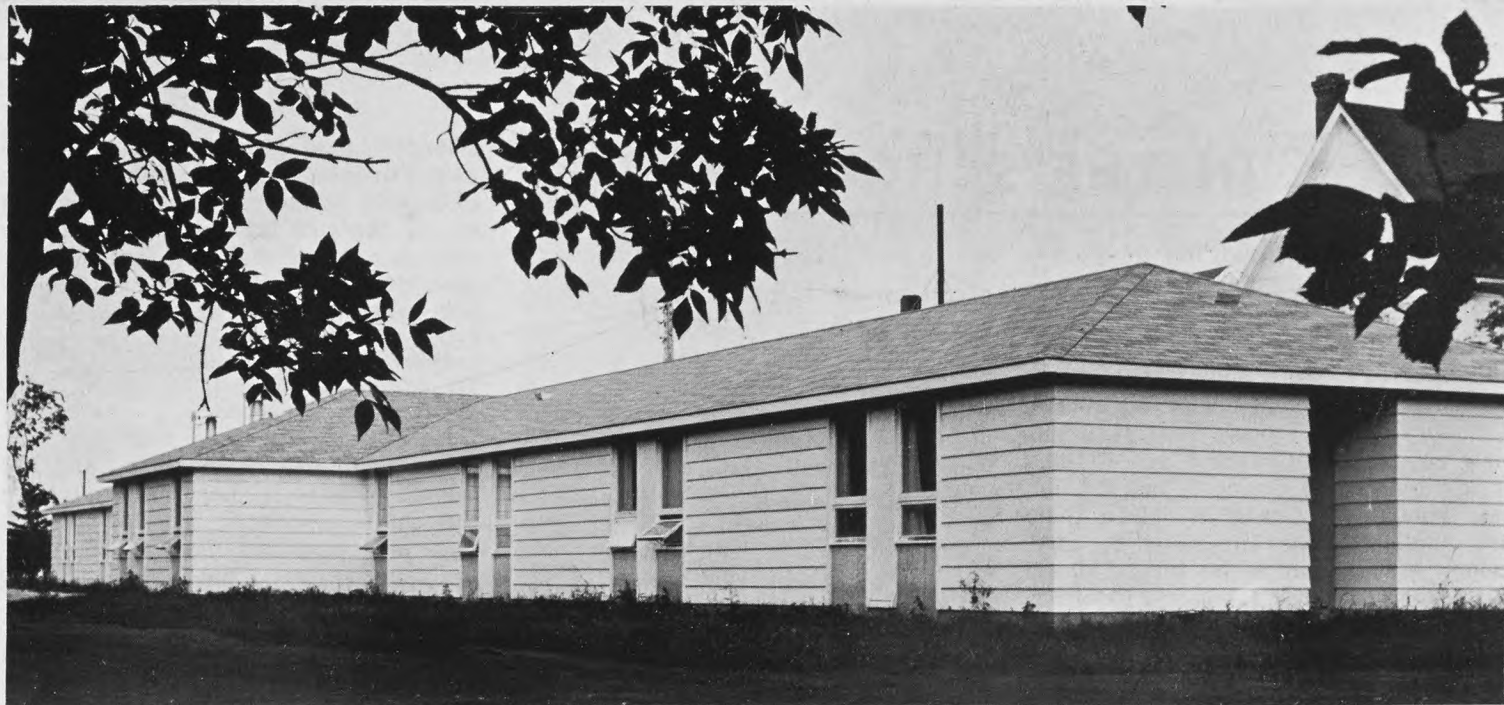


HERE ARE 98 OF THE 99 ST. JOHN'S BOYS OF 1964-65—(THE 99th COULDN'T FIND HIS SWEATER)

Photographed in front of the school in June were these 98 St. John's boys who performed the work described in this booklet. Seated on grass in front row are (left to right): Howard Hammill, Calgary; Craig McBain, Winnipeg; Kim Berry, Calgary; Colin Ritchie, Winnipeg; Jim Powell, Winnipeg; Chris Brandy, Churchill, Man.; Rick Wiens, Selkirk; Jim Spafford, Winnipeg; John McGregor, Pettawawa, Ont.; Michael Martyn, Selkirk; Mac Walker, Edmonton; Charlie Maddison, Peace River, Alta.; Don Jacobs, Winnipeg; Doug Hutton, Toronto. Kneeling, second row, David Humeniuk, Winnipeg; David Cormie, Selkirk; Mike Byfield, Selkirk; Ron McNaughton, Winnipeg; John Brandon, Winnipeg; Grant McDowell, Winnipeg; Barney Timmers, Charleswood, Man.; Jim Malone, Fort Vermilion, Alta.; Brant Davies, Falcon Lake, Man.; George Bengtson, Edmonton; Ray Barton, Winnipeg; Michael Davies, Selkirk; Keith McKay, Moose Jaw; Don Booth, Winnipeg; John Robertson, Winnipeg; Link Byfield, Selkirk; Dean Andrews, St. Boniface; Seated on bench: Lee Cormie, Selkirk; Greg Trigg, Winnipeg; David Hall, Winnipeg; Patrick Treacy, Little Grand Rapids, Man.; Jon Guy, Winnipeg; Malcolm Macpherson, Winnipeg; David Gardiner, Winnipeg; Bruce Cowan, Winnipeg; Rodney Coates, Winnipeg; Bud Vanchuk, Winnipeg; Jim Alexander, Winnipeg; Barrie Baker, Grand Rapids, Man.; Doug Leonard, Calgary; Tom New, Ottawa; Wayne Morgan, Edmonton; Ed Wilson, Winnipeg; John Trielhard, Noranda, Que.; Peter Jackson, Regina; Craig Stephens, Charleswood; Terry Nugent, Edmonton; Clay Sandercock, Calgary. Standing behind bench: Frank Brandon, Winnipeg; Richard de Candole, Medicine Hat, Alta.; David Bartlett, Pine Falls; Hugh McNeill, Winnipeg; Rick Edworthy, The Pas, Man.; Michael Treacy, Little Grand Rapids, Man.; Rick Montgomery, Hamilton, Ont.; Mel Jarvis, Winnipeg; John Ross, Winnipeg; Dick Van Middlesworth, Charleswood; Tom Carson, Winnipeg; Park Robinson, Calgary, Alta.; David Mindell, Winnipeg; Richard Giles, Edmonton; Rick Elkington, Toronto; David Lyons, Winnipeg; David Reeder, Winnipeg; Hugh Ross, Winnipeg; Kent Maggarell, Domain, Man.; Stephen Gold, Pine Falls; David Cooper, Selkirk; Sandy Goodall, Moose Jaw; John McDowell, Winnipeg. Standing rear: Glenn Countryman, Saskatoon; Dan Raymes, Winnipeg; Robin Wiens, Selkirk; Terry Baptiste, Winnipeg; Doug Hall, Ottawa; Grant Odlielson, Winnipeg; Rick Atkins, Laurie River, Man.; Don Forfar, Dauphin, Man.; Phil Cowan, Winnipeg; Brian Parker, Winnipeg; Bob Wallace, New Westminster, B.C.; Don Chennells, Winnipeg; John Maddison, Peace River, Alta.; Chris Dobson, Ottawa; Tom Van Leusden, Winnipeg; Colin Gardiner, Winnipeg; Keith Veale, Winnipeg; Bob Ives, Lethbridge, Alta.; Brian Ritchie, Winnipeg; Bill Ritchie, Winnipeg; Geoff Hall, Winnipeg; Ken Harder, Petersfield, Man.; Jim McKay, Moose Jaw, Sask. Missing from the picture is Doug Epps, who couldn't find his black sweater on time.







A NEW DORMITORY BLOCK...

New structure relieved overcrowding in school's dilapidated main buildings.

DEDICATION

To The Ninety And Nine

When the St. John's Cathedral Boys' School opened its 1964-65 term last September, there were 108 boys registered. The school has a capacity of 100 and the extra eight, housed in the new infirmary, were a deliberate over-enrollment.

The overcrowding was founded upon grim experience. The headmaster, Mr. Frank Wiens, knew that by November about 10 per cent of the 108 would have left. He knew how they would leave and approximately when they would leave. Above all, he knew why.

For some, of course, there would be simply too much work — in class, in the kitchen, in the barn. There would be little or no leisure — no television, no girl friends, no parents' car (trucks aren't much fun), no "having a ball," just an intensely demanding routine, unbearable until it is accepted without reservation.

And he was right. By November the 10 per cent had gone. But the core that remained was tougher. There were 99 of them. They stayed on to establish the most incredible year in the school's brief but spectacular history. In the classrooms they established one new academic record after another and mastered courses that will now form a substructure for St. John's emerging curriculum. In the canoes they streaked across hundreds of miles of rivers and lakes and packed over the portages to set up new records for speed and endurance. On snowshoes, a new mark was set in the senior race and intermediates easily crossed distances once considered too rough for senior boys. In Winnipeg, they sold and delivered forty thousand dollars worth of meat and chicken. And when the summer came they brought the school's name to eastern Canada, by working in Quebec City to improve their command of French, by running two 22-foot canoes from Montreal to

New York City and by selling a thousand books in the Hamilton - Niagara district. Such was the achievement of the surviving 99.

Who were these 99 boys? There was nothing astonishing in their backgrounds. They were typically Canadian youngsters, most of them westerners. Forty-nine came from the Greater Winnipeg area, 20 from other parts of Manitoba, 16 from Alberta, 7 from southern Ontario, 6 from Saskatchewan and 1 from British Columbia.

Twenty-three were in their third year at the school, having been among the original 55 who were here in the year that the school opened full-time operations. Nine of these went far back into the prior operations of the week-end school in 1959, '60 and '61. Gratifyingly, another eight boys who had been enrolled in the old week-end school and had left when the operation went full-time returned last year as full-time students.

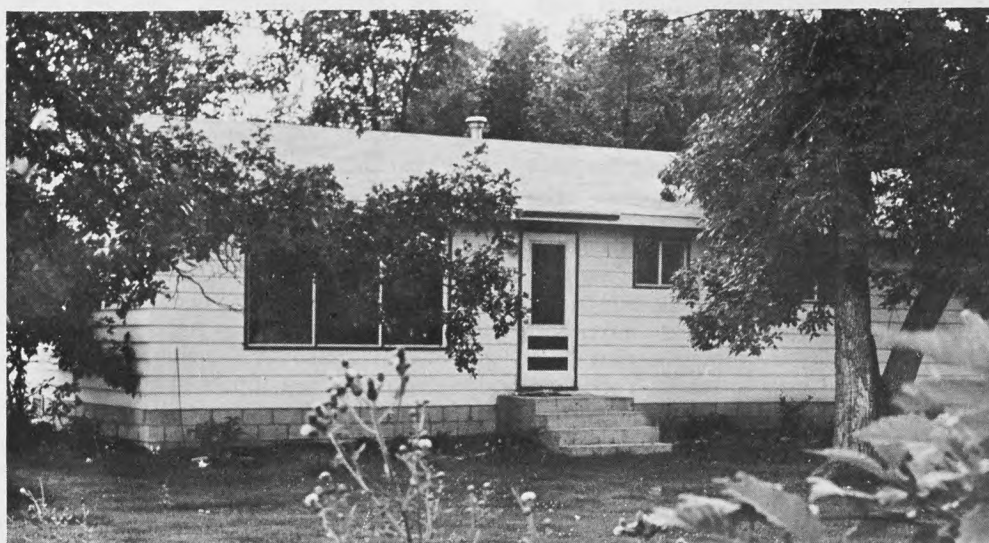
Three were enrolled in Grade 12, nine in Grade 11, 20 in Grade 10, 22 in Grade 9, 22 in Grade 8, 17 in Grade 7 and 6 in Grade 6. Their ages varied from 11 to 18, though one of them —

Charlie Maddison of Peace River — was 10 when he arrived in September and as the youngest boy in the school was chairman of the Christmas dinner in December.

Why were they sent to school at St. John's? There were of course a variety of reasons, but one predominated. Their parents were unhappy with the public school system. It had failed to demand of their children what they were sure their children were capable of producing. The best would come forth only when the best was called for. On its part the St. John's staff tried to call for it from these 99 boys and we're pretty sure that we got it.

The result is significant. Great schools, like parliament and the common law, are controlled by tradition and precedent. Customs and attitudes moulded into the school by the boys of today will shape the outlook and therefore the lives of the thousands who will follow them through the school in the years to come.

Of the boys last year it must be said that they have laid a good foundation. To them, to the 99, is this annual report dedicated.



...AND A NEW STAFF HOUSE

which made possible a larger staff.

IN THE SCHOOL

ENROLLMENT

A Bitter Need

Headmaster Frank Wiens was able this year to make a significant change in the admissions policy of St. John's Cathedral Boys' School. Nearly all the new boys are in Grades 6 and 7. Only a few entered in Grade 8 and 9 and one entered in Grade 10. More than 100 applicants for admission to the upper grades had to be turned down and countless other telephone inquiries had to be discouraged.

"We've found," said Mr. Wiens, that the possibility of success at St. John's is about 50-50 if the boy enters in Grade 10 or over and very much higher if he enters in the lower grades. A youngster is far better able to adapt himself to demanding conditions before adolescence than during it. Furthermore, academic habits can be established in Grades 6 and 7 that make possible a great deal more work when the boys reach the higher grades."

This has meant, however, that the school has had to turn down some of the most piteous appeals for help for youngsters in their mid and late teens, he said. "Boys have been in trouble, usually caused by some form of psychological insecurity. People are trying to help them and they want them sent to St. John's."

"But unhappily, there's nothing that St. John's can do," he said. "We've discovered repeatedly that the St. John's program is very good for the normal youngster and often very bad for the abnormal one. To subject a boy who's had trouble meeting the very normal demands of society to the intentionally heightened demands of this school is to risk doing him far more harm than good."

"There's a real and bitter need," he said, "for a school to help the psychologically-disturbed child. Modern society is turning out more and more of them. Such a school would operate on principles very different from those of St. John's."

He said too that there was a need for a school for young men of 18 to 24 who had dropped out in the junior high and high school grades and now want to complete their matriculation. "Such a school could very easily be run in the way that St. John's is run," he said, "because the almost universal problem with these fellows is that they haven't learned how to work. Yet when they find out for themselves that this is the problem, that's when they can start solving it."

"In other words after they've hit bottom several times, they might be willing to try. And out of such a category we would find emerging some wonderful people."

SCIENCE

No Money But . . .

When Mr. David Thompson was asked to set up a honey bee program for the school two years ago, it was with a view to making money. After all, was not honey a product that the boys could easily sell over the telephone along with the St. John's chickens? Everyone thought so.

Things, however, did not turn out that way. Instead, the bee program began to wander down avenues never dreamed of. It established a life of its own. Today, strange tales emanate from it, so incredible that they bear repeating.

Mr. Thompson first consulted Ernie

science class learned the fundamentals of life in a beehive. Pairs of boys were asked to propose experiments that would exercise their ability to induce conclusions and shed new light on beehive living. Here are some of the experiments:

Jim Spafford of Winnipeg decided to try breeding and raising queen bees. To do this, he isolated a number of female eggs. He then removed the queen from one of the hives and put female eggs in it. Lacking a queen the dutiful workers fed the foreign eggs on the special food which makes the females into queens. When the queen groups were mature and capped, the boys placed them in specially prepared queenless hives. What happened next remains a mystery. Most of the new transplanted queen cells were either torn out or buried in wax and



BOY AND BEE

Jimmy Powell studies a honey producer.

Hutchings, a long-standing friend of the school, who for years operated a big apiary at the mouth of the Red River. Mr. Hutchings not only provided all the equipment, but he also financed the first shipment of bees.

But all did not go well. The summer canoe program took precedence over the apiary. The bees swarmed. One of the swarms took refuge in the Doolan's garbage can and another in the walls of the staff house.

Undaunted, Mr. Thompson plunged into the science of bee-raising. He saw that the correct place for bees was not in the school's farm program but in its academic program. His course in inductive reasoning, which he was developing in the junior school, needed something to practise on. Almost any branch of science would do so it might as well be honey bees. The equipment was already there. The fundamentals could be quickly grasped by the boys. The strange sociology of the beehive would hold anybody's attention.

Rapidly the oldest boys in the junior

only one was ever successfully mated. Deliberate breeding of queens from certain hives means that strong strains can be expanded, as is done in the case of livestock. So the challenge remains to achieve under experimental conditions what bees themselves have been doing for centuries.

Byfield II set for himself the task of discovering why bees make propolis. It's a gum-like glue with which they plaster the inside of their hives and it's a number one nuisance to the commercial beekeeper who has to slime his way through it to get at the honey. Byfield thought that the bees may make it simply to prevent their hives from collapsing in the wind. He therefore designed a non-shaking rigid beehive to see if the bees in the rigid structure would produce less propolis. So far, however he hasn't been able to design one.

Treilhard and Bartlett wanted to find out how bees talk to each other. If one, for instance, discovers a particularly rich source of pollen, he

brings it back to the hive and performs a kind of dance. From the way he dances, the others in the hive seem to discover where the treasure is and they all rush out to it together, following his communicated instructions. Consulting Mr. Frank Doolan of the school science department, the boys put a microphone in the hives to see if they could make tape recordings of the sounds within. Their idea was to find out if any significant changes occur in the sound pattern when a worker returns with the news of a rich find. They decided to set out a platter of honey as a planted rich find. But how would they follow the worker who discovered it back to the correct hive? The next idea was to radioactivate the honey so that the worker could be followed by a geiger counter. The use of radioactive material however requires government permission even if it's radioactive honey and they ended the summer by trying to get the government's permission to use it. They will continue the work next year.

In the meantime, while other boys plan other experiments, the bee program isn't making any money.

GIRLS' SCHOOL

From A Lady Who Knows

Ever since the first classes began in the St. John's part-time school seven years ago, we have been asked perhaps once a month the same question:

Why doesn't St. John's start a girls' school? And we have given the same answer: We don't know how.

Yet this year we talked to somebody who does know how, who is running a girls' school, a very good one, and who gave us her views on the question: How would a school for girls be run on the principles of St. John's?

She is Sister Margaret Ann of the Sisterhood of St. John the Divine, headmistress of St. Chad's Girls' School Regina. She visited St. John's with her prefects last year and took up the question which we posed.

A girls' school run on such principles, she said, would not necessarily look very much like St. John's Cathedral Boys' School, with its construction camp atmosphere and barracks-like buildings. There would be no point to rigorous canoe and snowshoe trips which could so easily produce dissatisfied girls determined to beat boys at their own games. It was not in such terms that a woman's life should be set.

A girls' school must, and can, gain much more in the course of the day-to-day school and household routine, Sister Margaret Ann believes. The task is to find activities that develop and encourage the feminine qualities that correspond to the virtues St. John's aims at for its boys.

Consequently, St. Chad's bestows on its pupils a great deal of the organization and administration required for household and classroom routines, discipline and leisure activities. It finds it can rely on its older girls to plan



SISTER MARGARET ANN

Girls pose a different problem.

and lead in these areas, and that the concern they develop for the school and its traditions, as well as for the younger pupils, is noteworthy. They show, incidentally, considerably more competence in domestic work than St. John's boys have so far achieved.

Kitchen clean-up at the two schools provides an illustration. At St. Chad's, the dishwashers are presented with plates neatly scraped and stacked in a smoothly-working assembly line. The girls process them efficiently through the various sinks, and should water splash on the floor it is instantly wiped up. At St. John's something more like a shovelling method brings dishes from tables to sinks in an avalanche. Cutlery frequently has to be rescued from the pig pails, having been scraped there along with the left-over food. And the dishwashers work in rubber boots in an inch of water which is later mopped up as a grand finale.

But Sister Margaret is looking for far more than technical competence. She wants the girls to learn never to think in terms of grudging effort and limited hours. Academic work, of course, must not be allowed to suffer; but if the laundress is ill, for instance, the pupils are expected to be able to handle the situation. And they can.

Discipline at St. Chad's is worked out in terms of conduct marks which entail various penalties. The leaders among the older girls take charge of a considerable amount of this, both assigning the penalties and seeing that they are carried out.

To outward appearance, there is nothing of the spectacular and little of the adventurous here. To involve a boy's imagination in this way would be difficult if not impossible. But it is in the assumption of complete responsibility for so much of the tradition and operation of their school, Sister Margaret Ann said, that girls can find equivalent in feminine terms of that which St. John's finds for boys in its outdoor program.

THE FAITH

The Hostile Environment

"Surely you're not going to ask us to believe in God in this day and age. . . ."

"Faith was all very well for the simple peasant folk of biblical times, but in the days of the hydrogen bomb and the space program, come now. . . ."

"Modern scientific inquiry has shown, of course, precisely how such tales as the New Testament tells were evolved."

"The whole thing can be explained psychologically."

Talk such as this may be heard today at almost any tea party or cocktail party, in the coffee shop or in the beer parlor, in the university common room and in the union hall. If it is not the opinion of the majority in Canada and the United States, it is very nearly so. And in Europe on the best evidence, it is the opinion of about 95 per cent of the people. The fact is that in western society, religion has ceased to be a relevant factor in most lives.

One need not look far for confirmation. Material gain is frankly held forth as the prime motivation for almost any human action. Whether you're looking for a rug or looking for a rector, you will be advised that the only way to get the best is to pay the highest price. Success is almost universally gauged by material possessions, an attitude notably at variance with the one suggested in the New Testament.

Moral relativism has progressed meanwhile to its logical conclusion on the newsstand. Here respectable magazines assure the young housewife that if her labors are not relieved by an electric carving knife, she is living in something close to slum squalor. Fashionable books inform her that if hers is the typical North American suburban neighborhood then Bacchanalian orgies are a regular aspect of life in the house next door while the people across the street must surely take dope. Her husband meanwhile subscribes to "Playboy" magazine in which Mr. Hugh Hefner profitably invites him to spend his week ends at Sun Valley, California, where young ladies go skiing in very few clothes and apparently never catch cold.

All this time the children attend the new four-million-dollar high school down the street. Here their futures are largely decided for them. Responsible parents will emphasize to them again and again that the absolutely vital things in life are what they're being taught in that school. By law however the place must not teach them anything about God. The inference is obvious. God is not one of the important things in life.

It is against this environment that Christian education in the 20th Century must contend. All courses in religious studies which fail to note this fun-

damental antipathy between the values of the New Testament and those of the society in which we live cannot succeed in persuading the student for any length of time. The Christian of tomorrow must not learn how to practise his faith in a world that respects his convictions, but in one that is becoming increasingly unsympathetic towards them.

One solution to this difficulty—a solution finding widespread currency lately—is to dilute the convictions. If doctrines become unpopular, we are repeatedly advised, then stop teaching the doctrines and find something that is popular. Yet the convictions themselves require that they be held regardless of their popularity. To change them on this count is to abandon them. The currently popular solution therefore is not a solution at all. It is a capitulation.

Another difficulty is finding a suitable medium of instruction. The standby of the church's educational system remains the Sunday school which, against the pressures of the hostile environment, becomes in many (but not all) cases less and less effective. Instruction in the Christian faith, provided at levels which 20th century education demands, requires the best of professional teachers. While some parishes do in fact find them, most fail to locate a sufficient number of people of any qualification to even staff their Sunday school classes. Pupil attendance is sporadic and discipline often impossible. Mathematics or history certainly could not be taught under these circumstances and the Christian faith is harder to teach than either of them.

It was such considerations as these that led to the establishment of St. John's school. Since classes began in the part-time school seven years ago, we have been at pains to develop a curriculum capable of standing up to the pressures that will sooner or later assail it.

The curriculum we have devised is not original. It is nothing more than a compilation of some of the thoughts and writings of C. S. Lewis, Dorothy Sayers, Bishop Gore, Archbishop Temple, Sir Frederick Kenyon, G. K. Chesterton and others, restated to the appropriate age levels. In the senior grades, the students are expected to read the writings of these people for themselves. In the junior, the core arguments are reduced as far as possible to essentials and then allowed to rage unbridled in the class. The danger, we have discovered, is not in reasoned argument against the faith, but in unreasoning prejudice against it. Reason is our ally and we must learn to use it.

The course is divided into three sections, each taught at junior and senior levels so that there are six "grades" altogether. A youngster entering the school at age 11 or 12 will take all six. At the junior level they are Apologetics I, Ethics I, and Theology I. At



STUDENT WITH A LOGIC PROBLEM

Rory Nugent's decisions teach him classification.

the senior they are Apologetics II, Ethics II and Theology II.

The two apologetics courses simply state what Christians think to be true of life and why they think it. The arguments for the truth of the faith are advanced and so are the arguments against it. The boy naturally chooses for himself whether he accepts or rejects them.

The ethics courses state the Christian views on right and wrong, the seven sins and virtues, the sermon on the mount and the great parables of Christ showing how these principles apply today and inviting the students to work out their own applications of them.

The theology section is a more personal approach, relating the doctrine of the Trinity to each man's life, describing the avenue by which each must, as it were, die within himself to find that new life which Our Lord came to proclaim.

Denominational differences are nowhere mentioned. The beliefs are, as Lewis said, "those held by nearly all Christians at nearly all times." A Baptist would find himself as much at home in the course as a Roman Catholic. This is because it is as catholic as John Bunyan and as protestant as Pope John.

That it would be of any use as a Sunday school curriculum is doubtful. It assumes a normal classroom situation. It is designed for use in church schools. The existence of these, we feel, is the only possible solution to the problem and the sooner the church finds this out the better.

LOGIC

Instant Analysis

Possibly the most difficult thing that a boy must learn in high school is how to organize information into an orderly and lucid pattern so that he can both understand it himself and explain it to others. To read a book is one thing. To make, during the reading of it, an analysis of what it is saying in a comprehensive summary

is quite something else. To dovetail two or three books on the same subject into a single pattern is something else again.

The fact that few people know how to do this may be discerned at any meeting of any city council or legislative committee in the country. The inability of politicians to classify and analyze what they're listening to is the single fact that enables modern bureaucracies to dominate modern democratic assemblies. The pathetic picture is always the same: The learned technician from the So-and-So Department places his case before the members of the committee. These nod knowingly as he talks. But in fact they do not understand him and what he says may be illogical nonsense. But none cares to expose himself to ridicule by insisting that the point be coherently explained. Nobody was taught how to do it. So we approve the five-million dollar increase in the budget and get on with the agenda.

What the effective legislator requires is a hide-bound insistence that he be made to understand what's put in front of him and a total unconcern for the slurs that will be cast upon him by everybody else as he endeavours to get his answers.

Such a faculty is native to few. It needs to be trained. This habit of instant analysis begins with what logicians call "classification." People seek to discover order wherever they meet variety. Confront a man with an assortment of pencils in which there are five yellow ones, three green ones and a blue one and he should mentally divide them into these three categories. As he grows up he can be taught to carry this from collections of things to collections of ideas. Eventually, as he reads or listens, he will seek always to develop a neat arrangement of the data. He will look for the various causes of the dispute and mentally number them or the observations from the experiment and assign to each a letter. With the subject thus analyzed he can both grasp it himself and ex-

plain it to others. If he does not have this faculty, he may be able to memorize a great deal about the subject, but in reality it will be a hodge-podge in the mind. He does not really understand it.

Definition follows naturally behind classification, as the thinker seeks to outline definitely the limit of each of his classes and the syllogisms follow behind that.

In the past year at St. John's we have sought to develop a course that will enable youngsters to do this instinctively. The course was worked out by Mr. Dave Thompson. He began at first with varieties of objects, laying them out before the youngsters and asking them to divide them into classes.

He then issues the boys with sheets of numerous pictures, which also had to be divided into various categories according to the system the youngster devised.

Next he issued lists of common nouns which had to be split into systematic categories and subcategories.

Finally he distributed lists of scientific data. It happened all to be characteristics of bees; it might have concerned any subject at all. The boys had to classify the data according to the categories they invented.

Next year the logic course will go on to the intricacies and rules of definition, showing the boys how each class of information can only exist within defined limits, how the limits must be defined and what is not a definition. They will be shown how arguments can frequently rage because the two participants are defining the same term in a different way.

Mr. Thompson found that the course ought really to start for most children at the Grade 8 level. Grade 6, where many began last year, was beyond their capacity because they had not yet discovered how to tackle volumes of work on the scale required at St. John's. This however will be remedied as they grow older and the logic course will soon take its permanent place on the St. John's curriculum.

FRENCH

The Acid Test

The name Steinberg in the city of Quebec means what the names Loblaw and Safeway signify in western Canada. There is the single difference that in a Quebec Steinberg's store every printed sign and every spoken word is in French. In three such stores last summer, the St. John's Cathedral Boys' School's new French program underwent the acid test.

In each of the three big supermarkets, Steinberg's provided a St. John's boy with a summer job. Here during July and August Tom Carson of St. James, Jim McKay of Moose Jaw and Robert Wallace of Vancouver bagged groceries, filled shelves and sometimes waited on the public, learning their French on a sink-or-swim

basis.

They lived in parts of Quebec City so widespread that they were lucky to see one another to speak English twice a week. With their fellow employees and the people with whom they lived, the spoken language was French.

How much they learned from the experience, it is too soon to say. But their two months in Quebec was the latest development in the school's three year-old French program and will be repeated, we hope, by ten boys next year.

The French program began with the school in 1962. French was the subject

and the genuine masculinity of the French people. The Parisian slant had to go. The course was to be Canadian, not European, so the exercises and emphasis must be centered on Quebec. Finally, it had to demand hours of work on the student's part. All exercises were to be complete sentence and paragraph translations; there would be no filling in of blanks. And all translations had to be from English to French.

Since the teachers who were designing the course were, in effect, taking it at the same time, outside help was immediately necessary. It came from St. Boniface College, from radio sta-



CARSON



WALLACE



McKAY

In stores like this one this trio learned French.

we were least able to teach. We were equipped to teach German, Latin and Greek, but no one here spoke French.

It was always possible, of course, to work out a French course in the usual textbook fashion — learning the language like a system of mathematics, filling in the blanks with the right tense of the verb, learning how to order meals in French and how to get on and off buses. Such a course can be taught or learned by anyone with a basic understanding of grammar, a fair memory, a fundamental contempt for the language and an infinite capacity to endure boredom. It leads, true enough, to an eventual senior matriculation credit, but on its own merits it is a waste of time. Obviously something better had to be done.

Clearly, the only sensible objective was complete fluency in the written and spoken language. The chief obstacle to this was that boys generally despise French. For this, we blame the textbooks. The effeminate Frenchman image of so many textbooks had to be wiped out, and a course designed that brought out the daring, the initiative

tion CKSB and from Mr. Louis Lari-vière.

Exercises were prepared that soon required the students to translate an average of 400 words a night and correct all their mistakes of the previous night as well. We followed the grammar covered in most public schools, but substituted our own vocabulary, deriving the nouns chiefly from the fur trade, the army and from politics.

In addition to the written work, oral exercises were prepared by Mr. Lari-vière, CKSB announcers and senior students of the college, using the vocabulary of the translations. By the end of the second year, we discovered that we could record the texts of the Grade 10 public school French literature course and our students could follow them without reference to the books from which they were drawn.

To lead the boys to speak, as well as read and understand, we required them in their second year to eat one meal daily in a special dining room where nothing but French was spoken. It took about two months of this, we found, for their native reserve to be

overcome by their native appetite for food and soon the conversation became about as fluent and loud in the French dining room as it is in the English dining room.

Half way through the second year, the boys began to speak only French to two of the teachers on all out-of-class occasions. This meant that work orders and farm instructions frequently had to be given in French and a new vocabulary had to be acquired for such prosaic activities as dish-washing and floor-scrubbing.

By their third year, we began taping the CKSB newscasts and the vocabularies had become general enough for the students to follow these.

It became evident however that actual residence among the French people was necessary. Three students were ready last year to spend one week each as boarders in St. Boniface College. The Jesuit fathers, as usual, put themselves out to accommodate them and each boy for the first time found himself suddenly plunged into an almost totally foreign atmosphere. What had been theory in the classroom now became a reality.

Though much English is spoken among the boys at St. Boniface, the classes are nonetheless in French and so is all conversation with the faculty members.

The summer in Quebec however posed a far greater challenge. What we wanted was a job for each boy in an environment where English would practically never be heard. We wrote to M. René Paré in the office of Quebec Premier Jean Lesage and explained the problem. He knew M. Marcel Inkel of the Steinberg Stores and the company made three openings in its Quebec City supermarkets.

The trio motored east with the McKay family. At Quebec, Mr. T. S. R. Peacock, a friend of the school, found housing for them and spent at least two week ends showing them about the district.

During the week they worked shoulder to shoulder with French people, many of them students like themselves at Steinberg's for the summer.

Meanwhile, not to be outdone, Douglas Hall of Ottawa, who came in two years late on the course and was determined to catch up, arranged himself a job at St. Marcel de l'Islet, 60 miles east of Quebec, where he helped out on a farm for five weeks. The only other person at St. Marcel who understood any English was a five-year-old boy on a farm five miles away.

School staff members went to Quebec in late July to arrange with other Quebec City businessmen similar jobs for students next year. One teacher, himself a graduate of the course, addressed the Quebec Kiwanis Club in French and several club members promised assistance. So did faculty members at Laval University and a businessman at Three Rivers. Where necessary we will arrange exchange jobs for Quebec students in Manitoba.



Doug Hall farms in French.

CURRICULUM

People Or Points?

From the beginning, the chief academic problem of St. John's Cathedral Boys' School has been to meet two demands at once—the requirements of the provincial department of education and those imposed by the school's own philosophy. If the students met the school's requirements but not the department's, they would fail their departmental examinations and the school would soon collapse. If they met the department's and not the school's, the school would cease to have any reason for existing so that it might just as well collapse. For the school to succeed, both ends must always be served. This year we discovered something new about the problem. The two demands are not only different. They are sometimes in open conflict, if not mutually exclusive of one another.

What brought this to light was an experiment conducted this year in the Grade 11 Canadian history course. Of nine students in the class, five were thought able to do considerably more work than the curriculum required. The other four were considered better left with the straight departmental course.

The curriculum required that students after Christmas be studying that period of Canadian political history between 1800 and 1840. The two subjects which are supposed to receive great attention are the struggle for the Canadian fur trade and its implications to the Red River colony, and the fight for responsible government in the Canadas.

The four students left on the departmental course were taught along the orthodox pattern. That is, developments were described in lectures to the students; they were asked to read the textbook; then notes were dictated outlining perhaps 20 points that they should remember about the fight for the fur trade and another 20 or so on the development of responsible government. Having memorized the points the students were shown how to assemble them in an answer to a

typical question on a departmental examination.

The other five boys were given a very different course. They were asked to read about each subject in the standard departmental text, then in Professor Morton's textbook "The Kingdom of Canada," then in the textbook in wide use in Quebec called "Histoire du Canada" by Farley and Lamarche. In connection with the fight for the fur trade they also read Marjorie Campbell's book, "the North West Company."

The five were then shown how to make notes from their various sources, assemble the notes into a harmony and pick out for themselves what they regarded as the essential points in answer to a variety of examination-type questions.

All nine students were then submitted to the same examination questions chosen from previous departmental papers. A public high school teacher and long standing departmental marker who was sympathetic to the school was asked to mark the papers precisely as they would be marked by the department of education. The four who had taken the standard course entered the examination with their memorized system of points, the other five with a far broader understanding of the events concerned but without the memorized system.

The four with the memorized system all received marks in the 60s and 70s. Of the remaining five, three were failed and two received marks barely over 50. Yet, said the marker, he had never read papers where the students understood more about the subject at hand. They had simply written too much on some aspects of the questions concerned, not enough on others, and provided much information not directly relevant to the questions asked. He had carefully noted on the examinations, what he felt would be the reactions of a departmental marker.

These notations are significant.

On the matter of the rebellions in Lower Canada, for instance, one student had written a long paragraph on the regime of Sir James Craig. This preceded the rebellions by 30 years, yet it opened the first real breach between governor and governed in Lower Canada. It is described in the French textbook as "Le Règne de la Terreur" and a whole chapter is devoted to it as the authors' introduction to the subject of the coming rebellion. The public school textbook, of course, barely mentions it. The marker had noted that the paragraph was "irrelevant," reflecting of course the English interpretation.

Again, on the subject of the Selkirk settlement, a student took two sentences to describe the preservability of pemmican. It was this peculiarity that made the food indispensable to the fur trade. When Lord Selkirk's governor seized the Nor'Westers' supplies of it in Red River, the destruction of the Red River colony inevitably followed.

The sentences describing its preservability were marked irrelevant.

In another instance, the authorized textbook limits its explanation of the causes of the War of 1812 to the maritime aspects of the Napoleonic Wars and strife between Americans and Indians on the western frontier. The five students tended to cut back their discussion of these two aspects in order to make room for the economic causes of the war, the effects of American politics at the time and the effect of Upper Canadian immigration policies. But since these were not on the departmental point list, they were not credited.

When these observations were made to the marker, his answer was immediate. He had been asked to show how the papers would have been marked by the department, not how he personally thought they ought to be marked. If changes were not made in the method of presentation, he said, the students would simply fail the departmental exams.

The five were immediately taken off the special course, returned to the point memorizing system and all received reasonably good marks on the June history paper, despite the fact that they had lost two and a half months in the middle of the year while they actually read some history.

But the question remained: Was it possible to teach history both ways at once? And of course it is. Next year the Grade 11 and 12 students will be given extra books to read on each subject, asked to work out their own point system, argue out the merits of their system versus those systems prepared by the others in the class, and finally memorize the "official" system for the exam. (The additional books that must be read in the Grade 10, 11 and 12 history courses are shown in the photographs on this page.) In this way the boys will not only learn the departmental point system, but will also learn that any system at all is always of necessity an over-simplification. History does not consist of a number of points, but of the affairs of a number of people, in fact of all people.

Other implications of the situation are broader. While it is an easy matter to throw mud at a department of education for allowing such a system to exist, what other method is possible if province-wide examinations are to be set? Obviously if there is to be a marking formula at all, in the final analysis the markers must be handed certain points and told to award the marks on the basis of these points.

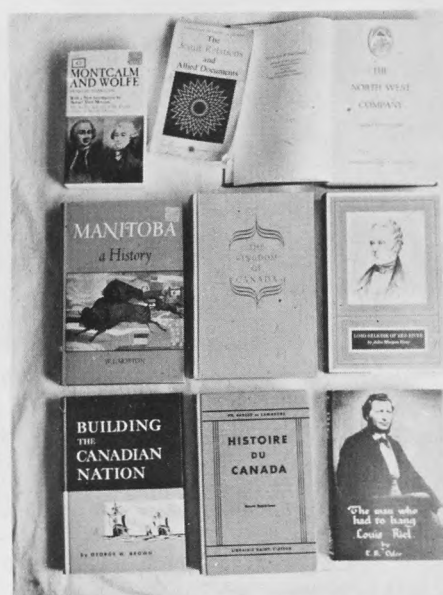
Consider, however, the inevitable results of such a system. Quite properly detecting the irrelevance of such absurdities to life as we experience it, the students are bored by history. In Grades 10 and 12, most of them refuse to take it.*

This eventually results in a society that is increasingly unacquainted with those people and events that made it what it is. History serves society as



BRITISH HISTORY

Eight extra books in Grade 10.



CANADIAN HISTORY

Nine extra books in Grade 11.



MODERN HISTORY

Some of the 20 Grade 12 books.

the memory serves a man. Without it, false conclusions will be reached through failure to exploit experience. Very old and very unworkable ideas will be trotted out as new ones and costly experiments conducted again, only to prove once more that they do not work. Moral collapse and decrepitude will parade about with names like "the new freedom of expression" and "the sexual revolution" and society, armed only with the department of education's "point" system, will not know enough history to recognize them for what they are and for what they usually portend.

We are repeatedly being told today, for instance, that the 20th Century, because of scientific advance, is utterly novel and that therefore the moral and ethical principles of the ages no longer apply. Death, they say, may now at any instant descend from the skies and destroy whole cities. But anyone who can apply to the problem something besides a misty recollection of the department of education's set of points will suspect that other centuries have been confronted with novelties as startling to them as the H-bomb and space craft are to us. Death at one time came without warning from the sea and destroyed whole cities. Whether it is worse to be reduced instantly into ashes by somebody's atomic bomb that came from the sky than it is to be bashed more gradually into a bleeding pulp by somebody's broadaxe that came from a ship in the night is a question well worth asking. For in the days when death came without warning from the sea, the moral and ethical principles of the ages may now be seen very definitely to have applied. The people of the time thought their situation utterly novel and many of them perished by ignoring the lessons which history teaches. And we could do the same.

* From a large Winnipeg high school comes this incredible tale. A brilliant young student wanted to be a doctor. The student was advised therefore to take the second science option in Grade 12 instead of the history option. But the student preferred to take them both. No, said the principal, you must not take the history option. The only people who take the history option are those who are not clever enough to take the science option. Therefore you would have to go into a class with slow students. You would be better advised to forget the history option.

Such is the advice offered at a period in history when each of us must decide a personal position on such questions as those that arise from the Viet Nam War, or from atomic energy control. The light that history might shed on these issues, however, is something that — in one school anyway — only the duller students are entitled to share.

COMPOSITION

Who Reads Can Write

For the first two years of its existence as a full-time school, St. John's operated its English composition courses on a very elementary principle: The more opportunity a student had to write, the better he would be able to write.

Consequently, numerous essays were continually set for the students in three

subjects, composition, literature and history, and hours upon hours were spent by the teachers in marking them.

By this year it was becoming very clear that even more was needed. To write well, one must read a great deal more than most of the older students were doing. There had been advance clues. The younger boys who took the Francis Parkman history course in Grade 8 were writing extremely competent essays obviously influenced by the excellent Parkman style. The youngsters who had taken Father Millward's course in Grade 6 were gaining definite skill in composition, though Fr. Millward had spent far more time reading to them than they had spent writing.

The real revelation however occurred in Grade 10. In the past year, Grade 10 boys were assigned no fewer than eight textbooks in British History — four of Sir Winston Churchill's "History of the English-Speaking Peoples" and the four volumes of Costain's "History of the Plantagenets." This meant 3,600 pages of reading throughout the year and daily tests to make sure the boys were in fact doing it.

We discovered on their Christmas examinations that many of the answers possessed a definite Churchillian flavour. For example, concerning the relations between the Celtic and Roman churches, Elkington wrote: "The proud Celtic bishops were not disposed to see themselves dictated to by continental overlords." Churchill doesn't say that, but he might have. Similar mature turns of phrase ran through most of the papers.

We had to face the fact that these sentences were far better than the best work of boys in more advanced grades who had done far more composition and far less reading. Was the answer then less emphasis on composition and more on reading?

We looked over the student body and found that while the rule wasn't universally true, it was certainly sufficiently general to deserve action. The most avid readers were, almost without exception, the best authors.

Of how much reading was a youngster capable? The Grade 10 history experience provided an indication. Here the youngsters had averaged about 20 pages a night in the one subject. But at the beginning of the year, 10 pages had taxed them heavily and at the end of the year they could easily handle 30. Reading capacity could be made to increase rapidly. And in the case of history, of course, they had not only to read it but choose and memorize what they considered the most salient facts.

Was there not justification then for a great increase in the amount of reading required in all grades, combined with daily fact tests on the assigned work? We came to the conclusion that there was.

Did this remove the necessity of composition? No, but it meant that in the past too much emphasis had been placed too soon on composition, and not enough on reading. The students needed to read much more, write somewhat less, and write to a higher standard.

These changes were accordingly worked into the curriculum in the year to come, from Grade 6 on. For the younger boys they mean a great deal of reading aloud by them and by the teacher, as well as silent reading on their own. In the higher grades, there will be far more books, both fiction and non-fiction, in the history and literature courses.

having started French. What are they to do? Their Latin is very near the junior matriculation level and their German which is largely conversational could nevertheless be brought rapidly to the matriculation standard. Either of these two subjects would qualify them for senior matriculation standing and university entrance.

Surely however they ought to have French. It is the nation's second language; in Quebec it's first. Are they to go without it? Yet if they take it, this will mean carrying three languages through the senior high school years, too heavy a burden for most youngsters.

The policy decision reached during



BACK TO SCHOOL HAIRCUT

Ricky Wiens of Grade 9 undergoes "the treatment" from school barber Steve Kelebay as classes assemble in September. St. John's requires all boys to have short haircuts, popular styles to the contrary. Summer is an opportunity to let it grow into current fashion, but all this ends in Steve's makeshift classroom barber shop, within days of school opening.

LANGUAGES

Some Will Take Three

St. John's students who start in Grades 6 and 7 will carry two languages through their senior high school years and some will carry three.

This became evident during the summer as the school searched out a solution to the problems posed by its language courses — problems that began three years ago when the school opened full time operations and found itself able to teach Latin and German, but not French.

Mr. Frank Wiens, the headmaster, spoke German fluently, while Fr. Arthur Millward was a classics scholar from Harvard. This admirably equipped us to teach those two languages. But French was conspicuously absent.

The solution found to the French problem is described elsewhere in this booklet. But meanwhile, Grade 6 students were started on Latin and German while Grade 7 students began taking Latin alone.

Now those Grade 6 students are about to enter Grade 9, still carrying the Latin and German, but not yet

the summer was simply this:

1. Students who started in Grade 6 and are able to carry three languages through senior high school will carry all three.

2. Students who started in Grade 6 and are able to handle two will drop Latin and be placed in the school's new French course. We've discovered that students with a Latin background can pick up French very quickly.

3. Students who started in Grade 6 and are able to handle one language only will remain with German until senior matriculation.

4. Students who started in Grade 7 will continue to take both Latin and French through to senior matriculation unless the additional language is considered too much for them.

Mr. Wiens said that the solution, while it does seem to satisfy most aspects of the problem, is not what he would like to see. "It means that those boys who are taking one language only will be studying German exclusively instead of French. While I'm naturally partial to German, obviously in this country it ought to be French."

Very few students, however, would

be left in this category, he said, and nearly all students coming through the St. John's program will have at least two languages and some three.

Meanwhile, Mr. Wiens' German students demonstrated during the year how firm was their hold on that language. At Christmas, for the entertainment of the rest of the school, the 13 and 14-year-olds wrote and staged a German Christmas play. Though most of the school didn't understand the dialogue, the natural hamming of the actors conveyed the idea.

The German boys also set up a German-speaking dining room at noon and compelled one another to stick to German in there or starve. Since nearly all of them will be on the French course as well next year, they can look forward to one meal in German, one in French and one, for what it's worth, in English.

ELECTRONICS

Poor Beethoven

Father Sargeant sat rapt in his room, the crescendo of the second movement of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony building magnificently towards its final resounding assertion of the symphony's triumphant theme. Note by note, the summit was approached, until finally echoing in its power, it came. VE4SJC calling VE4PN, Come In Please. This is VE4SJC, Repeat, V for Victor, E for Easy 4

Father Sargeant had just experienced a strange physical phenomena which has become rather prominent at the school: a condition known as "Doolan's Ear."

The prime cause and source of "Doolan's Ear" lay in several thousands of dollars worth of radio equipment next door to Father Sargeant's room, in what is known as the radio room.

Mr. Frank Doolan, when he arrived at the school last July, brought it with him. "Would the boys like to learn to use it?"

Much to the chagrin of all masters who owned Hi-Fi equipment (ham ra-



MR. FRANK DOOLAN AND PUPIL

They're shown at controls of school's station VE4SJC

dio plus Hi-Fi set equals interference), the boys would.

Soon a room for the equipment was found and the first set installed.

The boys held meetings and elected Martyn as president of the "radio club."

Several friends of Mr. Doolan donated time and equipment to gradually improve the facilities. Boys strung aerials from every available position on the school's roof to enable the set to pick up more and more points.

Once the basic equipment had been installed, the boys began in earnest.

Their first project was the construction of "code practice oscillators," devices which apparently decode practice oscillations, or practice code oscillations (or oscillating codes), or oscillate code practices, or something along those lines.

From here they went on to transistor radios and several electrical experiments, including the bugging of a beehive.

Unfortunately, about the only thing the boys were not allowed to do was to actually run the radio. Federal laws prohibit anyone under the age of six-

teen from obtaining a ham operator's license.

However, the boys in the club were able to listen in on broadcasts and keep a log of all conversations. If Mr. Doolan, who is licensed, was operating the set, then the boys could talk over the transmitter, even though they could not get their own ham radio license. They could also send and receive morse code messages, and work towards the day when they could get their own set.

After the club had been functioning for some time, the school itself received a ham license and code number, VE4SJC.

The formation of the radio club raised several doubts in the minds of the school staff. Their worst fears were confirmed during this year's snowshoe race.

Instead of the usual haphazard spotting system of "You sit here and if a team passes you, phone somebody," which had almost become a school tradition, the spotters were radio equipped.

This meant that, as unbelievable as it may sound, the reports on the progress of the races, were, for the first time in the history of the school, accurate.

Veteran St. Johners, who took it for granted that when the school said 8:00 o'clock they meant 12:30 were completely caught by surprise, arriving everywhere too late.

The school photographer missed the end of every race.

Confusion reigned supreme when snowshoe teams began arriving at checkpoints, right on schedule.

A hasty meeting was called and pressure put on Mr. Doolan.

He was convinced.

"Next year," he assured us, "all radio reports will be adjusted by two hours before being read."

Hopefully, if this practice is adopted, then St. John's may still be able to regain its public image.



WITH OSCILLOSCOPE

Jarvis and Berry at controls.



WITH RADIO

Goodall at work.

ON THE FARM

MEAT

One More Fortune

It all began of course when someone said there was a fortune to be made in cattle. The St. John's Cathedral Boys' School was forever getting into things in which there was a fortune to be made. We'd got into chickens because there was a fortune to be made in chickens. We'd got into pigs because there was a fortune to be made in pigs. We even got into the business of selling tickets to the ballet because there was a fortune to be made in that. Somehow however, years later when the accountants are finally able to figure out what happened, these fortunes never seem to have materialized. Neither, for that matter, were the projects disasters. They showed instead an irksome profit — too small to rave about, too big to ignore.

But with cattle it would be different. All across the west, enormous sums were being made by meeting the nation's insatiable appetite for beef. Here was the school with over 200 acres of pasture and upon which taxes needed to be paid anyway. Could not these acres be turned into a limitless source of revenue for the school? The answer was too obvious to even discuss.

We began with small cattle — three-day old Holstein bull calves, which we brought up on a kind of instant milk that costs about \$7 for about 100 gallons and glories in the name "Big Momma." After several months on Big Momma, we loosed our herd to graze at will. They grazed at will through the barnyard, then through the pasture, then through the fence, then through the neighbors' fields too. After endless provocation, the neighbors finally complained to the municipal poundkeeper, Mr. Cochrane.

It turned out that while Mr. Cochrane Sr. was in the business of impounding cattle that break through fences, Mr. Cochrane Jr. was in the fence-repairing trade. Thus did Mr. Bill Cochrane come to St. John's, mend our fences and even paddle in our canoes for one summer.

The following year Mr. Haberman, who owns property on both sides of the school and is the world's most patient neighbor, learned in deep grief that we had tripled the size of the herd. He wondered, he said, whether the fenced portion of the pasture would support such an enterprise. But it was too late. Already the calves were arriving in great numbers, most of them picked up by the Byfields' old Mercedes-Benz diesel car.

Probably neither Mr. Mercedes nor Mr. Benz knew that their fashionable 190 D model was capable of carrying seven head of Holsteins provided that the back seat was removed and some-

body went along to prevent the passengers from licking the driver. The old Mercedes was never the same after that. It had acquired a rustic air that probably even today reminds its new owner, whoever that might be, of a keen spring day in the country. Anyway, the cattle poured in by the score and the Big Momma by the truckload. St. John's that winter boasted a herd of 70 Holstein steers and Mr. Haberman awaited the spring in marked anxiety.

All his fears were realized. When spring came our herd of Holsteins descended upon our pasture like locusts, ravenously munched their way through its confines and eagerly eyed the neighbors as they sowed their spring crops. You almost got the impression from their doleful countenance that they were watching critically. "Now why doesn't he put in some of that tender alfalfa over this way more, where the fence is weak? And we could do with those oats more towards the south side." Greatest of all however was their interest in the Haberman vegetable garden. Corn, carrots, cucumbers, what a feast if they could ever get at it.

Training however would be necessary. When the school's playing field grew to a rich green by mid-June, the herd took to stepping over or through the front fencing to get at it. The boys were writing exams and the canoe trips were starting. We put in an emergency call to Mr. Cochrane Jr. Unfortunately he'd gone north, said Mr. Cochrane Sr. Only the impounding department of Cochrane enterprises was going to be active that year.

Therefore as we with what time was available spanned our front fence wire higher and higher, our Holsteins kept pace with us. First a three-foot fence gave them trouble. But the more dauntless soon learned to leap over it easily and the others quickly followed. A four-foot fence was tougher still but one victorious afternoon some of the better jumpers cleared it and they were half way to Selkirk before we rounded them up. By mid-July even a five-foot fence offered them little more than passing amusement and the school's Holstein herd was regarded as a standing traffic hazard on the Dynevor road.

A neighboring farmer watched them going through their fence-jumping exercises one morning and shook his head. "You're sending them to the stockyards?" he said. "They ought to be in the Olympics." Somebody else said that if we could just teach the boys to ride them, we could run them along behind the horses in the Calgary Stampede.

By September they had eaten their way through portions of five neighboring fields. We were buying them hay



HOLSTEIN ROASTS

With McGregor and Robinson.



STEWING BEEF

David Lyons packaging.



SHIPPING DEPARTMENT

Wilson and McNeil.

and they wouldn't touch it. They insisted instead on fresh vegetables — the kind the Habermans used to grow. Frantically, we called for a cattle buyer to come out from Winnipeg and give us a price.

"The trouble, boys," he said, "is that they're Holsteins. At the Toronto market they're regarded as a delicacy. But Winnipeg just won't take 'em." He offered 12 cents a pound live-weight — a loss of about \$15 a head.

But St. John's does not give up that easily. We consulted another friend, a butcher in Winnipeg. "You guys made a terrible mistake getting into cattle," he said. "There's no money in cattle. But if you were to have that stuff privately slaughtered and get into the business of selling beef, it would be a very different story. You know, there's a fortune to be made in beef."

And was there any real need to discuss such an obvious proposal? Were our boys not selling chickens over the telephone on Wednesday nights anyway? How simple a thing it would be to add the standard beef cuts to the chickens offered for sale. Suddenly we were out of cattle and into beef. We called for a transfer truck to come and pick up the herd and take it to an abattoir in Winnipeg. Mr. Haberman said that if there was anything he could do to help with the loading, we were not to hesitate to call on him.

"Did any of the children cry when they heard the animals were going to be put to sleep?" asked one visitor. No, we confided, none of the children cried. Too many of the children had been up in the middle of the night chasing them back into the pasture to feel really touched by their departure. If anything, there had been a certain sinister satisfaction in watching them go.

Within a week however they were back, thousands and thousands and thousands of pounds of them — all in quarter carcasses. We acquired suit-

able space at Selkirk. Our butcher friend hired a platoon of other butchers and our herd was wrapped up in small packages, weighed, marked and priced at city prices.

"This stuff's really good," said the butcher. "How did you ever get them this tender? How do you raise them anyway?"

"Well," said Mr. Frank Wiens, "it's a kind of formula we've developed ourselves here at St. John's. First we starve them for a month or two. Then we race them over fences day and night, run them in towards Selkirk a couple of times, show them how to dodge traffic and finally finish them on the neighbours' vegetables."

"Well, they don't seem to have done badly on it," said the butcher. "Their weight's all right."

"Oh *they're* fine," said Mr. Wiens. "It's *us* that you ought to be worrying about."

Our first beef sale in Fort Garry was alarmingly successful. The boys in a single night of telephoning sold over four thousand pounds of beef — far beyond our capacity to deliver. Members of St. Paul's parish and other school friends turned out to the distribution centre at the Raymes household. They waited in the rain for two hours for the meat to arrive because it couldn't be tabulated properly at the freezing locker. The adding machine had frozen. However, this crisis was resolved by Fort Garry's meat pedlars working until nearly midnight to get the orders out.

"It gives you a funny feeling," said one of them, "to knock on somebody's door at 11 o'clock at night and watch the woman peer suspiciously out through the window into the darkness while you say, 'Good evening, Ma'am your round bone pot roast is here from St. John's.'"

Gradually however as we moved from district to district our efficiency improved. Mr. Ted Davies was completing deliveries in the afternoon and eventually in the morning. More than 400 people took part in the work.

Usually the volunteers drove and

the boys made the deliveries. However some volunteers delivered too, resulting in comic situations. Like the time that Dave Atkinson, the regional manager of the Northern Electric Co., was ordered to the rear of a house and told that he ought to know where a tradesman belonged.

Then there was the time at St. George's parish that everybody's account came out even except that of Mr. Des Smith who is the head of one of the city's biggest accounting houses and who was fifty cents over. Having spent four hours delivering meat, he spent another half hour counting and recounting his money and shaking his head, until he found that the boy who was delivering for him had accidentally added 50 cents of his own money to the pot. Instead of throttling the boy, which lesser men might have been inclined to do, Mr. Smith only smiled in warm satisfaction and said that he knew there must be some explanation for it. It might have been the biggest accounting triumph he'd experienced all week.

And in the end when all the accounts were added up by a worn and weary Mr. Tom Copeland, the school accountant, he came to the conclusion that somehow or other the Great Meat Program had earned over \$6,000 last year. Untangling all the figures, he said, represented a great deal of work.

"How much of that was made by chickens and how much by beef?" we asked.

"I don't know," he said.

Could he find out?

"Yes," he said, "I could find out. That is, if I didn't do anything else next year. But in the meantime I suggest you confine your beef production to the school's needs and sell only chickens."

So there won't be any beef on sale from the school next year. Just chickens. But we're going to make a fortune out of chickens.



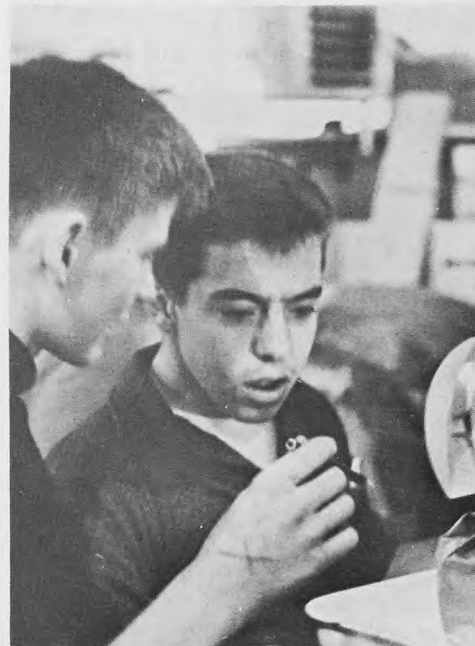
PACKAGING

Lee Cormie and Fr. Sargeant.



CHICKENS

Last once-over by Forfar.



WEIGHING

Baptiste and Cooper.

SALES

Forty Thousand Calls

Courses on how to sell chickens — or for that matter how to sell anything — are offered at few North American boys' schools. Yet at St. John's we find that, whether we like it or not, we're very much engaged in the business of training salesmen.

We got into it, of course, through the chicken campaign. Thousands of birds were raised last year, eviscerated, packaged and frozen. Selling them, along with the school's beef, became a gargantuan proposition.

In nine weeks during the fall and for five during the spring we peddled meat by telephone. The fall and spring programs fell neatly between our snowshoeing and canoe seasons and Wednesday afternoon was dedicated to this purpose.

We found that if he could use a telephone between six-thirty and nine-thirty in the evening each boy could make about 60 to 70 calls. If you could put 60 boys on the job, you could make anything up to 4,000 calls in a single evening. This, coupled with the letter that each customer received, gave us an enormous selling capacity.

But where would the phones come from? Well, the Great-West Life provided some, the Imperial Oil some more, the Canada Life more still, and the rest came from the Manitoba Telephone Commission, the long-suffering offices of school lawyer Hugh Parker (who has helped on every variety of campaign since the school began) and numerous private citizens in St. John's parish, Fort Garry and River Heights.

Each Wednesday boys were dropped off at these points with some 60 sales cards. To each of those 60 households the school's sales staff of eight youngsters had sent a letter. Altogether the boys addressed about 40,000 envelopes and wrote out as many sales cards, looking up the telephone number for each one. They also glued on \$1,200 worth of three-cent stamps.

The boys telephoned the household-

ers, each boy tending to develop his own pitch. It was necessary to tone some of them down. Examples:

"So you see, Ma'am, we're sitting out here with all these chickens — thousands and thousands of them — AND WE'VE JUST GOT to do something..."

"Anyway, sir, our housing conditions are really so dreadful — to say nothing of our dining room — that unless we earn money somehow..."

"Well, to make a long story short, they told us we had to sell or else."

A more remarkable occurrence went like this:

"Chickens, Ma'am, that's right... Are they hot?... No, honest, Ma'am, we raised them. We didn't steal them."

Each morning at breakfast after a night of selling, the boys would be asked to relate incidents that occurred on the telephone. One youngster, 12-year-old David Humeniuk, mentioned that an old lady had told him she simply didn't have enough money to buy chicken. All she had was the old age pension. "What do you do in a case like that?" he asked.

The other boys agreed that in a case like that the best thing to do would be to simply donate some chicken and beef to the old lady and have it delivered free of charge. The following week, however, the school received a call from an indignant River Heights householder. "One of those impudent youngsters of yours," she said, "had the nerve to offer me charity." The offending boy was questioned. "Well, she said she couldn't afford it," he said, "so I offered to donate it to her and then she got mad."

By the season's end, the school turned up a score or more pretty sharp telephone salesmen. The three top men were John Ross and Bill Ritchie of Winnipeg and Douglas Leonard of Calgary.

The reward for all this goes, of course, considerably beyond the sale of beef and chickens. It is best illustrated by an incident that took place at the Imperial Oil office on Broadway.

A visiting executive of the company

arrived in town one evening and agreed to meet one of the local managers at the office. The local manager forgot to mention that the St. John's boys were selling there that night so that when the Toronto executive arrived at the office he was astonished to see nine boys, all clad in black sweaters, sitting at the company phones selling something that didn't sound very much like petroleum products.

Intrigued, he wandered from desk to desk, trying vainly to calculate what on earth was going on. Told later, he had only one remark: "Whenever any of those fellows are looking for a job, tell them to come and see me."

TRAPPING

Too Many Skunks

The day the boys brought the dead beaver in while Mr. Wiens was showing some ladies through the school was the day that wildlife control came to St. John's.

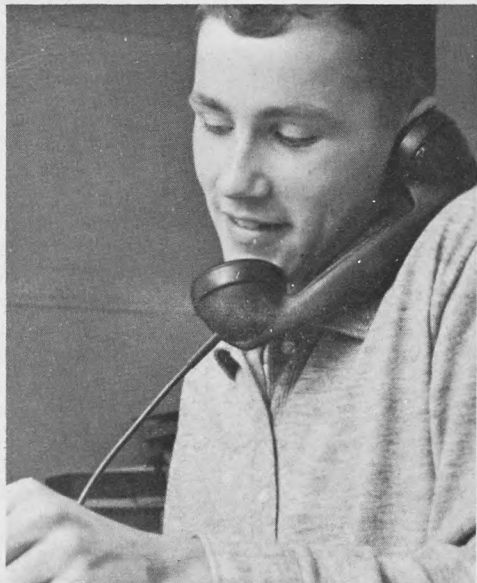
The animal, very dead and a little high, was suspended by his four feet from a pole which rested at either end upon the shoulders of a 12-year-old.

"Where," asked the headmaster, "did you get that?" His guests meanwhile fixed smiles of appreciation upon their faces, and edged toward the door.

"The Cook's Creek trapline," replied one youngster. "Isn't he a dandy?"

The Cook's Creek trapline was a splendid example of the Parkinson's Law of St. John's. Had the trapline been authorized? Well, it had "sort of" been authorized. What actually had been authorized was a single trap. This had been quietly extended into a single trapline and this in turn had been taken as tacit approval of a single system of traplines of which the Cook's Creek line was apparently only one.

The final disclosure was that the beaver had not actually come from one of the school's traps. "But it was

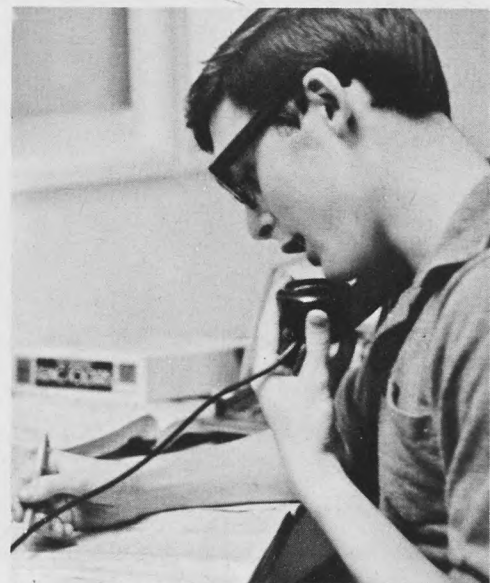


BILL RITCHIE



DOUG LEONARD

Three top salesmen.



JOHN ROSS

close to one of our traps," said one of the boys.

"Where exactly was it?" asked Mr. Wiens.

"Well, it was in another trap," came the hesitant explanation, "but it was near our trap."

Mr. Wiens pointed out that not too many years ago in Manitoba murders had been committed over this kind of thing. The beaver was unceremoniously returned to the trap and Mr. Wiens called Tommy Schindler, the conservation officer at Clandeboye.

Mr. Schindler told the boys that he was terribly sorry. They couldn't set traps without a trapping license.

"How do we get a trapping license?" came the immediate question.

Mr. Schindler explained that since they were only 12 years old this would be impossible under section . . . under section . . . Well now that he came to think of it there was nothing that said you couldn't have a trapping license when you were 12 years old. It was just a little unusual.

Anyway in two weeks the boys had one and Mr. Schindler was making the occasional visit to explain, not only trapping, but the general laws of conservation.

The area of the school was then mapped by the boys and after several arguments and the occasional fist fight, the trapping grounds were divided among the members of what came to be called "the trappers' club."

The yield however was poor. Numerous weasels were caught, skinned in the proper way and manufactured into wallets, belts and other accoutrements. But the biggest harvest was in skunks. Those skunks which Ivor, the dog, did not catch, the trappers' club did. Very soon, almost any member of the club could be easily identified at a distance of about a quarter of a mile.

Skinning the skunks was a very tricky business. And when you did, the skins weren't worth much. Link Byfield finally managed to dry one out and make a hat. As long as the weather remained clear, the hat was the envy of the school. But when it rained, the hat reverted to its old aroma and Byfield was ordered to leave it a minimum of 100 yards from the building.

However the trappers' club appears to have survived the summer and the big fight for setting rights will begin shortly after school opens.

PIGS

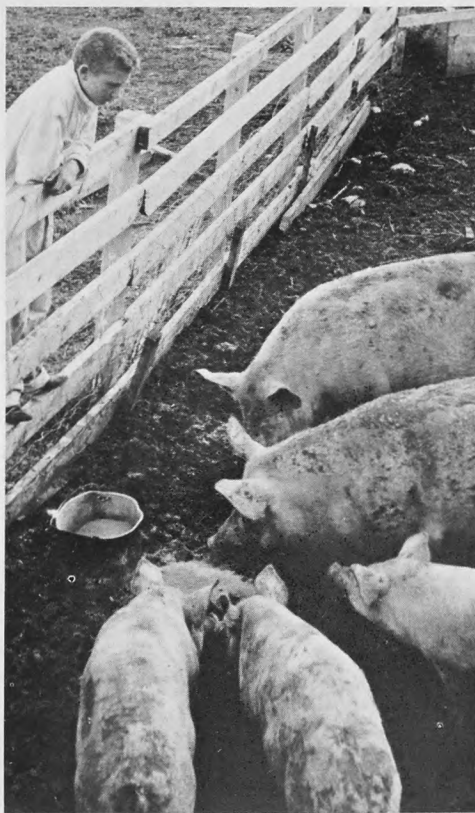
How Now Brown Sow?

The St. John's Cathedral Boys' School went back into serious pig farming this year — whether we liked it or not.

Pig breeding was attempted at the school two years ago with incredible results. Our six sows all became mothers at once and right in the middle of the examinations. We didn't plan it that way but the boar did.

We decided to get out of pig breeding. The meat wouldn't sell on the telephone and the price of pigs on the public market was very low.

But it wasn't that easy. The disposal of wet garbage is a problem at St. John's, particularly in the winter. The disagreeable truth was that we needed the pigs to eat the slops. So we kept two large ones, including the boar which by this time had become such a size that he was going to have to remain a boar. The two lived in separate pens for some months, duti-



PIG CLUB

McNaughton and members.

fully eating everything the boys wouldn't.

To some of the 11 and 12-year-olds in Grades 6 and 7, however, their presence represented a challenge. Why, they asked, could the younger boys not start a "pig club?" They had one animal that was obviously a boar and one that obviously wasn't. Why couldn't they breed them?

This was reluctantly agreed upon with the sole condition that the sow not produce her family during examination time.

Guaranteed, said the boys. The boar's pen and what they called the sow's pen were ceremoniously united and the pig club awaited the results. They were a long time coming. The boar by this time had developed a very bad hind leg. Despite all efforts of the club to clean up the pen and pretty up the sow, the boar simply did not seem interested in being a proper boar.

Finally, Mr. Bill Norquay of Cloverdale, an old friend of the school and a man who knows pigs well, was

called in by the club on a consultation basis. When Mr. Norquay examined the situation, his verdict didn't take long to reach. But it was hard to understand because he kept laughing.

The trouble, he said, was not with the boar but with the "sow." The sow was in fact a barrow, a castrated boar. The boys would have to make him awfully pretty and the pen exceedingly attractive before the boar would become interested in that. Didn't the school authorities know this?

The school authorities, the boys replied, hadn't actually looked. They were only interested in the disposal of garbage. It had been the boys who decided that she was a he.

However, Mr. Norquay obligingly exchanged the barrow for one of his sows and within a short time representatives of the pig club burst into the headmaster's office.

"Mr. Wiens! Mr. Wiens!" shouted one, "the boar is. . . the boar is. . . The boar is interested!"

"Really interested," added another.

Mr. Wiens hurried to the pig pen and restored order. He felt he should drive away some of the crowd. Scientific interest was all right. But this business of sitting on the fence and cheering, that was a bit much. Even pigs were entitled to some consideration.

Weeks passed however and despondency once again settled upon the pig club. Perhaps the boar's bad leg had been fatal to his efforts after all. After the necessary three months, three weeks and three days were up, the sow looked very much as she always had.

Then one day a new barn crew leader took over for the weekend while the regular crew leader was on free time.

"What do you feed the little pigs?" asked the new man.

"There aren't any little pigs," replied the barn crew leader.

"That's what you think," said the other. He had seen two or three of them in the pen, he said.

It was true. The news spread through the school like a prairie fire. It had happened after all. So Mr. Wiens and the pig club spent the rest of the day and all that night helping the sow produce 12 small pigs.

Everything, of course, had been mismanaged. Feeling the cause hopeless, the pig club had let the boar back in with the sow. If he had been a proper boar, he would have killed all the piglets. But what with his bad leg and all, it was just too much to ask. He had adopted a live-and-let-live attitude and 10 of the 12-pig litter were saved by the boys, the sow and the headmaster.

All 10 are still at the school, living with their parents and giving us the highest garbage consumption capacity we have ever had.



SCENES FROM SCHOOL'S MEMORABLE TRIP DOWN HAYES RIVER

Raymes and Mindell haul boat ashore.



The Dollard, Turney and Jogues on the Hayes.

BY LAKES AND RIVERS

THE SENIORS

Across The Methy

To people familiar with the story of the Canadian fur trade the name "Methy Portage" holds a strange fascination. It is a name out of the past, calling like a voice from nearly two centuries back. It speaks of still black waters and summer nights and the rollicking songs of those men in bark canoes who first ventured forth into what was awesomely called "the Great North West."

It is in fact the name of a northern Saskatchewan bush trail that connects the Hudson Bay watershed with the Arctic. To the French it was "Portage Laloche," named for the catfish. The English term "Methy" came from an Indian word.

Whatever its name, the significance of the portage was beyond dispute. Peter Pond of Connecticut, a Nor' Wester, found it about 1778. It led him out of the headwaters of the Churchill River into the Athabasca basin where he found the richest beaver territory since Cartier discovered the St. Lawrence.

Pond was involved in two murders, committed over trading rights beyond the Methy. Although acquitted, he withdrew from the trade. His pupil, Alexander Mackenzie, later found that the Methy led to both the Arctic and Pacific oceans. In other words, the portage was the vital link in what turned out to be the fabled "North West Passage" across North America.

The end of the 18th Century found the Methy a busy traffic thoroughfare.

Across it the Athabasca beaver pelts poured towards Montreal and the Bay. Its 14-mile length, broken only by a small lake in the middle, made it the fur trade's longest portage. Canoemen who could get from it to the Lakehead district and back in a season were the fastest and toughest in the business.

The Methy has further charms. It is still virtually inaccessible. Civilization has over-run the trade's other historic sites. Montreal, Detroit, Fort William, Winnipeg and Edmonton are now cities. A beer parlor stands beside the site of Seven Oaks. Michilimackinack and Grand Portage swarm with tourists. But Methy remains precisely as it was when the moccasined feet of hundreds of voyageurs tracked its sandy miles between east-flowing Lac Laloche and the west-flowing Clearwater. Only local Indian traffic has kept it open. Crossing the famous trail is therefore something few Canadians have ever done. And at its western extremity the trail winds down a 1,000-foot drop, offering a view so spectacular the fur traders comment on it.

"The precipice which rises upwards of a thousand feet from the plain beneath it," writes Sir Alexander, "commands a most extensive, romantic and ravishing prospect. From thence the eye looks down on the course of the little river by some called the Swan River and by others the Clear Water and Pelican River, beautifully meandering for upwards of 30 miles. The valley which is at once refreshed and adorned by it is about three miles in breadth and is confined by two lofty ridges of equal height, displaying a most beautiful intermixture of wood

and lawn, and stretching on until the blue mist obscures the prospect.

"Some parts of the inclining heights are covered with stately forests, relieved by promontories of the finest verdure where the elk and the buffalo pasture. These are contrasted by spots where fire has destroyed the woods and left a dreary void behind it.

"Nor when I beheld this wonderful display of uncultivated nature was the moving scenery of human occupation wanted to complete the picture. From this elevated situation I beheld my people, diminished as it were to half their size, employed in pitching their tents in a charming meadow, and their canoes which, being turned on their sides, presented their reddened bottoms in contrast with the surrounding verdure.

"At the same time the process of gumming them produced numerous small spires of smoke which, as they rose, enlivened the scene and at length blended with the larger columns that ascended from the fires where the suppers were preparing.

"It was in the month of September when I enjoyed a scene, of which I do not pretend to give an adequate description; and as it was the rutting season of the elk, the whistling of that animal was heard in all the varieties which the echoes can afford."

Thus Sir Alexander Mackenzie. But the portage, he warns, has a frightful obstacle. The ascent and descent of the precipice "appears to be very impractical in any way, as it consists of a succession of eight hills, some of which are almost perpendicular."

And the pragmatic Sir George Simpson comments: "The summit of the portage commands a very charming and extensive view of the surrounding

country, exhibiting the varieties of hill, dale, wood and water."

In the summer of 1964, all these factors lay in the back of several minds at St. John's. We were planning a senior canoe trip down the Churchill from Ile à la Crosse to Flin Flon before school started. One tempting fact became evident. At Ile à la Crosse we would be very near the famous Methy. Why not start west of the Methy, ascend the Clearwater, cross the portage and get as far east as we could? We could complete the trip down the Churchill the following year.

The maps confirmed that such a trip was possible. The roads stopped at Lac la Biche, Alta., but from there the Northern Alberta Railway ran to Waterways at the mouth of the Clearwater. The portage was about 80 miles upstream. Just beyond it on Lac Laloche we would again reach a road.

We checked with those who might know the area. Maj. Gen. Elliott Rodger had made the trip in the opposite direction some years ago. Hudson's Bay people said the route was open, including five portages on the Clearwater river.

Nevertheless there would be troubles. We would have to climb up that beautiful height, dragging our 400-pound canoes. There were ominous tales in the fur trade of a sheer 200-foot drop at one point and of a little ledge

the worst piece of road I ever travelled. It is three miles in length, and the last a perfect swamp, filled with the stumps of trees three feet deep. The poor fellows carry two pieces each (180 pounds) the whole length of this discharge."

Finally, there was the supply problem. If we carried two weeks' food with us, we would have to make three trips to get everything over the portage — three over and two back, a total of 70 miles walking, 42 of them with 90 to 100-pound loads. If we took less, we might run out of food on the way and must return starving to Waterways, our expedition an ignominious failure.

But there were counter arguments too. The crews, aged 16 and 17, were nearly all veterans. If we carried seven days supplies, our chance of getting over the portage was good. Finally, was this not what the school was for? We do not provide team competition with other schools where the élite play and the less fortunate watch. Here was competition against a natural circumstance where ingenuity, common sense and guts would be far more valuable than athletic prowess.

Therefore the five men and 16 senior and intermediate boys would try. We would take the canoes David Thompson and Cockran. The record of the Thompson was as impressive as that of the explorer for whom it was

biscuits, soup, cheese, honey, jam, peanut butter and dried fruit for lunch. But we had replaced the heavy canned stews and vegetables with dehydrated potatoes, beans and peas and a form of dried sausage.

By 2 a.m. we rumbled down the Dynevor road, headed west. We stopped at Moose Jaw for breakfast at the McKay home, then rolled north and the 21 of us had dinner in the banquet hall of a Prince Albert hotel. It was a chance to think. Where would we be eating two nights hence? How bad really was the Clearwater river, the heights of Methy portage, the Laloche river? Would there be an accident? Would we ever eat inside a building again? Home began to seem a long way back.

We drove all that night and morning found us in the little settlement of Lac la Biche. By hoisting, shifting, twisting wrenching and above all yelling, the boys wrestled the canoes into a baggage car of the Northern Alberta Railway's twice-weekly passenger train. The cars were filled with construction workers who drank, sang spat and made love to the Indian girls as the N.A.R. groaned and creaked towards Waterways.

On arrival, we telephoned Rev. Peter Harris for help. He arranged cars to drive us to his parish hall. He put us up for the night. He found us a trapper who knew the Clearwater well. He said Compline with us. He celebrated the Communion for us in the morning. And all this without any warning that we were coming. Still, he wasn't satisfied. He would like to have more time with us, he said, but he had met a man who got off the train with neither money nor job and he had to entertain him at the rectory that night.

In the morning, we loaded the canoes on the banks of the Clearwater, a stream no wider than the Assiniboine at Winnipeg. Here however the resemblance ended. The current, even in August, was swirling and swift. Deep sand bars cut from the banks to the centre of the stream. Plainly the passage upstream would be hard work.

The trapper outlined carefully where to find the Clearwater's five portages. They were not marked, he said. We must keep our eyes open. Mr. Harris waved goodbye and the Cockran and Thompson moved out into the current.

The boats lurched sickeningly as the river caught them. With crews of 10 and 11 grown men we were, in fact, overloaded. Balance would be difficult. With effort, we rounded the first bend and Waterways disappeared behind us. Each stroke carried us forward into a wilderness.

Progress, however, was dishearteningly slow. As we pulled forward the current dragged us back and our net speed was only two miles an hour. At that rate it would take four days to get to the Methy and heaven knows how long to cross it.

Hour by hour, bend by bend, we inched forward, vainly seeking out



WITH 650 MILES BEHIND THEM
The Fort William Brigade arrives home.

along which one must walk. How long had it been since that ledge had carried any weight?

Beyond the portage was the Laloche river, a horror to the traders because it was prone to run dry in the fall. Mackenzie writes of his troubles on it and Simpson records: "The water was so low in this river some years ago that the N.W. brigade could not proceed. They were therefore under the necessity of bringing their Athabasca Indians to this place in order to be equipped and part of their goods was hauled by dogs in the course of the winter, a very expensive and laborious business." Of the river's portages, he writes: "Made Décharge la Barrière and Décharge Sepulcre. The latter is

named. In three years it had crossed half North America from the Lakehead to the Rockies. Now it was to cross the Methy.

On the night of August 23, we hoisted the boats to the top of the school bus and crammed food, equipment and ourselves inside. The equipment contained some innovations. We had abandoned the old Indian tump-line, by which voyageurs carried their 180-pound loads, in favor of packboards which carry less weight but also require less skill. We had designed a new tent that weighed 60 pounds, needed neither poles nor rods and slept 15 people. Our food too had changed. We still had the porridge, ter and Kilk for breakfast, the vitamin



THE COMPLETE ST. JOHN'S FLEET ON THE WATER

These 13 school canoes were photographed in front of the school as the bishop reviewed them.

every back eddy that might help us. Shoulders strained against the paddles. Our shirts ran with sweat. No one spoke. A summer of physical inactivity was no way to prepare for this. Worst of all, the instability of the heavily-loaded boats meant we couldn't deliver our full power to the paddles.

We lunched briefly and pushed on. At five, the Cockran came to a dead halt in the stream. Viciously the current swung it broadside on. Three boys sprang into the water, gripping the gunwales and bracing themselves.

"Gravel bar," shouted one. "We're aground."

The steersman dove into the water to brace the stern and found it up to his chest. He couldn't prevent the boat from being swept downstream. By now the rest of the crew were in the water and began dragging the craft upstream over the bar. The crew of the Thompson did the same. But the work was painful. In half an hour, we gained a quarter mile. Then the river deepened and we paddled again.

The incident was but a foretaste of what was to come. A narrow bend led us into a kind of gorge where the current was so swift we couldn't make progress against it. We fought for the bank and the bowsmen jumped into the river. It was up to the neck, even at the bank. While the steersmen clutched overhanging branches, the rest of the crew pulled the bowsmen into the boat. All this was accompanied by shouted directions from the steersmen.

"Hold her hard in the bow... Have you got hold of him... Drag him in... Careful with the balance... Take hold of those branches... Now pull, all of you. Drag 'er up through here."

So it went — nearly one hour spent gaining a single mile. What a river! At eight o'clock, on a sandy island we made camp. The map showed us an appalling truth. By water we were

about 16 miles from Waterways, by air perhaps five. Nine hours of back-breaking work to get five miles. Would the whole Clearwater be like this? Was the trip, in fact, already a failure?

There were compensations, however. It was probably the oldest crew the school had ever sent out and on the first night the boys proved it. Few orders needed to be given. Cook and camp crews sprang into action without instructions. Within half an hour dinner was ready and there was a space in a tent for everyone. The dehydrated vegetables, prepared by such authorities as Richard Giles, and soaked in margarine, could hardly have tasted better. Medical call followed; hands cut from branches and new blisters were treated. Then we said Compline. Sleep came easily.

In the morning, it rained, as it would rain almost every day of the trip except upon those days when it snowed. Yet the smell of frying Klik raised nostalgic memories of other camps over past years — of the Lake Superior shore a thousand miles southeast, of remote beaches on distant Lake Winnipeg, of clay-mired banks on the Red so very close to home. They all smelled of Klik in the morning. "The only institution in the world," said Roger Caves, "that can be followed across half a continent by a trail of Klik cans." But it wasn't true. We usually bury the Klik cans. Yet I do remember walking down a lonely beach 200 miles north of Winnipeg with Mr. Jim Maitland one year, reaching down and finding an axe clearly stamped "S.J.C." I remember the boy at Little Basswood Falls in the Quetico country who found on a tree some underwear, marked with the name "Reekie" on a St. John's label. Reekie had passed that way two years previous. The Klik cans we bury. The clothing we leave hanging on trees.

But the intolerable, too, is fleeting. The rain stopped. The sun came out.

We dragged our craft past the mouth of an adjoining stream and the Clearwater's current slowed perceptibly. We checked the maps and checked our watches.

"What's the speed now? came the inquiry.

"Four miles an hour."

"That's more like it. Let's go!"

We dug in the paddles with renewed resolution and as we rounded more bends the Clearwater changed personality. Its streams ran slick and black now like a tropical lagoon. Heavy green vegetation overhung its banks. Waterfowl played before us and fish leapt from the water on every side. Around the endless bends we turned, lunching on a sandbar and pushing on through the gentle rain of the afternoon. High hills now converged upon us from south and north and it became evident that the Clearwater lay in a valley whose shoulders rose more than a thousand feet on either side. It was up over that south shoulder that we must eventually climb.

As the sun came out towards evening, those hills began to glitter in an array of scarlet, blue, purple and a hundred shades of green, broken only by the dull red faces of the granite rock that burst fitfully through it all. This, then, was the Clearwater, a lost river, a hidden valley, still undevoured by the maw of civilization.

We camped that night in a spruce glade with the muskeg so soft that it was like walking on jelly. The day's work had lasted 13 hours. Men and boys staggered about to prepare dinner. Faces were wan and tempers short. We were all near the point of total exhaustion. But the supper swiftly cheered us and the map brought good news too. We had made 40 miles that day. In the morning inhibitions departed. The crew of the Cockran struck up Loch Lomond and the Thompson's men joined. The sun shone

and it was as if the hills themselves joined in. Even the little rapids over which we dragged our boats didn't chill our enthusiasm and by lunch we'd reached the first portage of the Clearwater.

The map called it "the Cascades" because here the river spilled down a hill for half a mile. But the portage evaded us and scout crews had to fan through the bush of the north bank to find the trail. This cost us one and a half hours. Our portage routine was not yet ordered and the gear was piled on the shore in a heap. At this instant the rain came. It deluged down upon us so heavily that we could scarcely see one another and out of the din of falling water came the voice of Mr. Wayne Cooper.

"I hope this rain keeps up," he shouted. Why, we asked. Mr. Cooper had lived in the bush for years. Could it be that the downpour was somehow fortuitous?

"Because if this rain keeps up," he said, yelling over the storm, "then it won't come down."

With that we shouldered the canoes, the axemen ahead of us, clearing the old trail. Eight men carried the boat, an average load of 50 pounds. But who got an average load? As we heaved over rock faces, around stumps, into ditches and over fallen trees, each of us carried alternately no load at all and then half the boat. We camped above the Cascades, not nearly so exhausted as the night previous. We were hardening to the work.

Pine portage followed the next morning, where the canoes had to be twisted through the high walls of limestone canyons and by noon a roar ahead of us announced what the traders called "Chute de Terre Blanche" and less glorious modern maps call "White Mud Falls."

Only the spray was visible from the foot of the portage. But we lunched at the head of it and some of the boys climbed the high rocks to look down upon the falls themselves. Their name does not do them justice. From the top of a high cliff we saw the Clearwater

below us plunge magnificently over a 50-foot precipice into a round canyon where its water boiled and crashed against jagged rocks before they took another leap into the river below. Spray from this spectacle rose a hundred feet into the air, surrounding it with a halo of rainbows in the afternoon sun. It was truly one of Canada's most picturesque waterfalls. What a fine sight for tourists when the roads get this far, I thought. But of course I was wrong. Long before the tourists ever see it, the hydro engineers will. La Chute de Terre Blanche will become the site of a neat and humming power house. The falls will be gone and the beautiful river above them will have been turned into a swamp.

The portage ended at the brink of this raging cauldron. The water above was racing into it at a speed which we could not hope to combat. The powerboats of the Indians would be equal to it, but not our canoes. There must be an extension to the portage somewhere. A half-hour search revealed it and the axemen laid the old trail open again. It came out on the river a quarter-mile upstream of what the charts ominously called "Dead Man's Point." To exceed the point was to plunge over the falls. We left it behind us with its distant and terrifying roar.

We camped near the Saskatchewan boundary, found the remains of a bear which a party of Indians had apparently had for supper, and moved on shortly after dawn. We must now be very near the Methy itself. But our charts did not show it and every opening in the trees had to be investigated to be sure this was not the end of the trail. It was 10 in the morning when we came upon a broad clearing with the remains of several old cabins, a crawling deerskin, a bark wigwam, and a couple of rotting canoes. This surely was the landing for the Methy.

A trail led southward and we hauled our canoes half a mile up it until it was lost in a field. It was a dead end. We hauled them back. Was this or was this not the Methy? More search parties went out to seek another trail.

One of them didn't return for an hour and a half. It was led by Mr. Cooper who in early afternoon emerged from the bush. "I think we've got it," he said. "There's a trail that goes half way up the south hill anyway. This must be it." Indeed, it was. We had found the Methy portage.

But the crisis of the enterprise now approached. How difficult would climbing that towering height prove? Vainly we searched it from below for evidence of the trail. But nothing was visible. It was lost beneath those distant trees.

The path first led across the floor of the valley. Trees embowered it but it was wide enough for the men on either side of the canoe to walk on level ground. In a mile, however, the path swung suddenly upward. Two ravines ran down the hillside and the trail led up a knife-edge between them. It was narrower even than the canoes and we were walking on the outside of them. We had faced this trouble before however and all of us walked in a row beneath the boats, centipede style. At one point Madison slid off one side, but a quick hand pulled him back again. Beyond this, the path widened.

"How is it from here?" I asked Mr. Cooper.

"Wide enough," he said, "but very steep."

This meant nothing more nor less than hard work. The trail snaked back and forth on the edges of the hill, so overgrown that there was no danger of falling off and no view of the valley below. All was hidden by the forest. There was only an endless, step-by-step struggle upwards, painless at first but very rapidly exhausting to the point of collapse. Breathing soon became heavy. Sweat streamed from our backs. Legs ached from that relentless weight.

But we moved ever upward, now walking, now stumbling, now falling, now cursing, now panting, now groaning, now at last putting the awful thing down to fall with the rest over the top of it and gasp for air while Wallace counted off the two-minute break we permitted ourselves out of every fifteen.

"Time," Wallace would say and drag himself to his feet.

"Let us know when five minutes are up, will you, Wallace? Then we'll know how long we've got to go."

"And then tell us again at ten," says another.

"Why don't you guys get watches?" says Wallace. And we start again.

"How much farther to the top of this thing?" one asks, as the dead weight of the canoe bears down upon his raw shoulders.

The journals say it's a mile. It seems more like five. Yet in the end there is indeed a great reward. We walk; we rest; we walk again. But the moment comes, very near the top of the trail, when we suddenly emerge from the surrounding forest. The sun blazes about us. We are standing on a ledge



RED RIVER RACE

Junior boats head downstream at Grand Forks.



DEPARTURE FROM MONTREAL

Giles and Churchill I (right) load gear.

that is posed, like a grand balcony, above the most splendid landscape I have ever seen. Sir Alexander did not let us down.

We lower the canoe and slump against it. In panting silence, we gaze awestruck. The entire valley of the Clearwater lies outspread before us. Its distant peaks stand defiant against a sky that blazes sapphire amid cushions of skudding white clouds. Beneath this the hills themselves glitter with every color of the spectrum, their roots rising from the Clearwater's emerald valley. Finally, serpentine across this valley lies the blue ribbon of the river itself, the path we had in so many days ascended. Its rapids now dance in the afternoon sun. Far downstream we can make out the spray of White Mud Falls. And beyond that, we know, is Waterways, lost in the gloom of an infinity.

Here on this spot, no doubt, had Sir Alexander stood. Here Sir George had paused. Here too the violent Peter Pond, and the mighty David Thompson himself. Now we had joined them all.

Among the boys, none spoke. A half minute passed, perhaps a minute, as we drank in that which so few had ever tasted. Finally, one of them turned to me as we prepared to move on. His clothes were tattered. His hands were grimy. His face was streaked with sweat and dirt and scratched by an encounter with an overhanging branch. He stared straight into my eyes. "Mr. Byfield," he said in unabashed honesty, "that's the most beautiful thing I've ever seen."

Then I knew that the trip was right. I knew that that flat, simple remark cannot come from the stifled and stunted sterility called "modern living." There was an outbreak of virility here, devastating in its implications. To draw that kind of comment from that kind of boy was the express purpose and intention of much of the nation's educational empire. I knew that the entire phantasmagoria of departments, committees, boards, societies, superintendents, training colleges and their glass-walled palaces was failing almost completely to do it.

The simple fact is that we could have

shown that young man things like the heights of Methy portage in quite a different way. We could have read him a poem about it in a fancy classroom while he sat in yawning boredom. We could have driven him there, fed him not Klik but tenderloin steak, slept him not in a tent but in a motel, and above all made sure of his rest. And we could say, "Look, young man, at that beautiful river." And the young man would have seen not one thing at all.

For the only reason he really saw the Clearwater Valley was that in those exhausting previous days he had fought and won the Clearwater Valley. And what he had won was beauty and with it the humility that comes of beholding it. It was his now. No one could ever cheat him of it again. Tinsel and tawdry substitutes would never again satisfy him. He had tasted the real thing. He might soon say, like Chesterton's "Convert" — "My name is Lazarus and I live."

We camped that night atop Methy Heights with a joy that comes only of hard-won victories. Wherever else we might go, it looked as though we could at least claim to have crossed the great portage. The rest of the trail, though seemingly endless, was known to be manageable. Once more, Master Giles, using the fine spring water we found beside the trail, prepared an excellent dinner. We ate heartily.

The rest of the Methy was long, but uneventful. There was the walk to the little lake, a feast on the blueberries that grew bountifully beside the path, another ghastly push down the nine-miles to Lac Laloche, a nine-mile walk through the bush in the night, our singing voices echoing into the startled wilderness as we went back for the rest of the gear. Most wretched of all however were the deep ruts in the trail into which the canoe carriers repeatedly tripped, as the boats lurched down on top of them. What on earth had caused those ruts?

Two days later we were trudging through two feet of swamp water to launch our boats on Lac Laloche. The rivers would now flow east. But the sky was far from promising. The temperature had fallen. Cold, black clouds were descending upon us from the north. As we moved down the lake's



west shore, the freshening wind buffeting us from the east, we came in sight of a dock, the first civilization we'd beheld since Waterways. It lay before a log home, hung with fishnets. Sleigh dogs, staked out around the house, howled viciously at us. Two of them were unleashed and with fangs bared, they growled fiercely as our boats pulled in.

Mr. Cooper ignored them and stepped ashore. "Scat!" he said, swinging a hand at them menacingly. They slunk away from him. Meanwhile, from the house an old and wizened man hurried towards us, his arms outstretched. "Welcome," he said. "Welcome to West Laloche."

His eyes danced in a merry smile. We had arrived at the Lafontaine household, he said. We were most assuredly welcome to camp there. And we were lucky to be ashore, he told us, because a very bad storm was closing in quickly.

As our crews prepared the camp, Mr. Lafontaine introduced us to his son, his daughter-in-law and their several children who lived together in the one-room house on the proceeds of trapping and fishing. Mrs. Lafontaine, the daughter-in-law, was dark-eyed and pretty, typical of the daughters of the Chipewyans whose fair-skinned beauty had won the heart of many a weary voyageur.

When she found our supplies were low, she filled our water buckets with pickerel and prepared for us the family specialty, blueberry bannock.

Meanwhile, darkness enclosed us. A cold and steady rain turned during the night to snow. Winds raked the lake making our departure impossible and we found ourselves the day-long guests of the Lafontaine family.

But Mr. Cooper established a big

fire well in the bush. The boys made seats around it and the fierce-eyed Lafontaine dogs crept noiselessly about behind them, ready to snap up any morsel of food that might by chance be left.

"Look," said Mr. Cooper, "they walk without a sound."

He was right. The animals, more wild than tame, had chains on their necks which they had learned to prevent from clinking as they moved. They walked on dry leaves and twigs without a rustle. Their eyes blazed like a wolf's. If we turned about suddenly we would find them beside us, alert always for that forgotten scrap. Plainly they were starving.

"Let's feed them and make pets of them," said one of the boys.

"You'll not make pets of them," said Mr. Cooper. "You won't undo in two days what they've had a life-time to learn."

"Do the Lafontaines not take care of their dogs?"

"There have probably been too many times in their lives when they've had to starve the dogs in order to feed the children," said Mr. Cooper. "That's the way it often is up here."

Through the day, the snow laid a four-inch blanket on our tents, canoes and empty supply boxes. But that meant there was time to visit Mr. Lafontaine and find out how he came to be there.

His father had come north from St. Boniface in the boats of the Hudson's Bay Company, said Mr. Lafontaine. That was back in the 1840's. Chipe-wayan girls were the weakness of many voyageurs and the elder Lafontaine fell so deeply in love with one of them that he never did return to St. Boniface. Instead, he raised a family at West Laloche.

Had Mr. Lafontaine ever visited his father's home in St. Boniface?

Never, replied the old man. He had never been farther away than Waterways to the west and Ile à la Crosse to the east. The same was true of most of the people around the lake, he said.

Of course, there was a time when he was a very little boy that all the people of the district had gone south to the prairie country to fight. And he could remember the big fuss when they had taken over the local Hudson's Bay store.

"To fight?" I asked. "To fight whom?"

He couldn't remember, said Mr. Lafontaine. But he did remember that the place they all went to was called Batoche and the man who called them there was Louis Riel.

Had he crossed the Methy portage often?

So many times, replied Mr. Lafontaine, that he couldn't begin to count them. He knew every foot of the path.

"Well what is it that causes the deep ruts on it?" put in one of the boys.

"Oh those were caused by the wagons they used to use on the portage."

What kind of wagons?

"They were almost square," said Mr. Lafontaine. "And they used to have two big wooden wheels."

The boys looked at one another.

"Of course," I said. "They were Red River carts. The ruts we were tripping in were Red River cart tracks."

"Yes," said Mr. Lafontaine. "That's what they called them all right."

We dined again on Lafontaine fish and bannock and all night long the wind and snow swirled about our tents. As dawn cast its steel-grey light across the lake, however, the wind appeared to abate. In the gloom, we broke our camp, cleared the snow from the boats and departed. On the lake, the storm was renewed with added fury. The snow bit into our hands as bowsmen



CHURCH AND CANOE

The Henry Budd comes in.

and steersmen furiously worked the boats into the eye of the wind and the crews dug in with magnificent rhythm to gain the sheltered shore opposite.

Once there, however, we soon slid southward to the village of Laloche, a centre of perhaps a thousand people with an Oblate mission, school, HBC store, radio telephone station and provincial government office. As we walked up into the town, people peered from their windows. From one house the mayor emerged and ordered everyone in for a cup of hot coffee.

Stories were exchanged of the portage; we telephoned home with our position; we attended church at the mission since it was Sunday; and we picked up our food.

We also had to settle an account with the Oblates. Shirley Hogue, a former teacher in the part-time school and now principal of a Saskatchewan Indian school, had driven the bus to Laloche with our supplies. She'd gone into the ditch 10 miles out. The mission's bulldozer had worked all night to pull the bus out.

"We'll have to reimburse you," I

told Father Bourbonnais. "Bulldozers cost \$8 an hour where I come from and yours worked for 12 hours."

The burley priest puffed on his cigar and stared at the ceiling. "You're in the same business we're in," he said. "You're not making any money at it either. Make it ten."

So we made it ten and thanked him.

In the morning the sun and some warmth returned to Lac Laloche. We moved now into the Laloche river which Sir George had found so damnable. We were guided into it by an HBC man. At its source it was no more than 10 feet wide. It sneaked out of the lake through a labyrinthine marsh.

But our passage down it was not difficult. We indeed met the discharges that Mr. Simpson spoke of and we waded over the portages. But the water was not waist deep now, only knee deep and only in places. And we weren't carrying those 180-pound loads. On one of the rapids, however, it was I who made the error that ultimately halted the trip. In a confusion of directions, I called the wrong order to the bowman, Jimmy McKay, as we twisted and turned the empty canoe down a rapid. The crew were portaging the gear. Thus we crashed the Thompson into a jagged rock in the centre of the stream, smashing off the bowpiece. The water poured in.

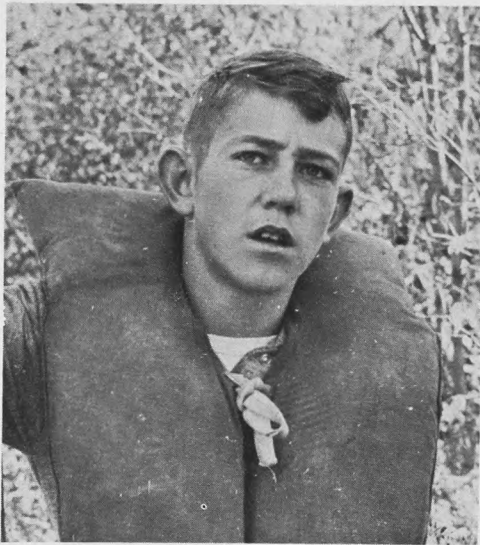
At the foot of the little rapid, we hauled the boat out to inspect it. It was one of the few points on a canoe that we cannot easily repair. We stuffed the broken section with calking and taped it. But even as we headed towards the mouth of the Laloche, we knew that the canoe was shipping water too rapidly.

In its last seven miles the Laloche widened into a broad, green course, supporting a rich crop of seaweed and made treacherous by numerous boulders immediately below the surface. One of these we hit, widening the breach in the Thompson's bow.

At the rivermouth the expanse of Peter Pond (sometimes called Methy) Lake spread out before us. We camped that night on the desolate east shore, examined the Thompson and pronounced the boat unfit to proceed beyond the next possible evacuation point. This, we calculated, would be a highway that should come near the lakeshore 15 miles further on.

The wind came up on the lake in the morning and after 10 miles we put half the Thompson's crew ashore to reduce the weight in the boat, the remaining five boys paddling ahead to find the road. Where our calculations placed it, there we found it. We camped and awaited the arrival of the shore party who scrambled over the big boulders of the shore to reach us.

I estimated that we were 22 miles from Buffalo Narrows, a community at the end of Peter Pond lake. I left Mr. Cooper in charge of the crews and with 17-year-old Brian Ritchie struck out for Buffalo Narrows by road. If we could get there that night, a truck



PATRICK TREACY

could pick up the boats and gear in the morning.

The road was ankle deep in mud and a cold rain beat upon us in the darkness. But by midnight the lights of Buffalo Narrows flickered before us. We found one man still up and slept a warm, comfortable, deep sleep upon the floor of his office. The following afternoon a truck arrived with the boats and Mr. Cooper led the singing crews into the village on foot.

Meanwhile, a taxi driver drove up with the bus from Prince Albert and by the following evening we were back in the banquet hall of the Prince Albert hotel, wondering if the whole thing had perhaps been a dream. One year later, an intermediate crew started at Buffalo Narrows and raced down the rapids of the Churchill River to Flin Flon to finish the projected job.

The Methy journey was the school's 18th expedition. On the map its scant 200 miles gave us little to boast about, compared with those thousand-mile epics in the school's past. And the loss of my camera on the first portage meant that not a single picture of it survived. Yet as we cast our minds back through the snows to old Mr. Lafontaine, to those mysterious ruts in the portage, to the savage waterfall called Terre Blanche and to that wild beauty that one beholds atop Methy portage, we knew that this too had been a victory.

Ted Byfield

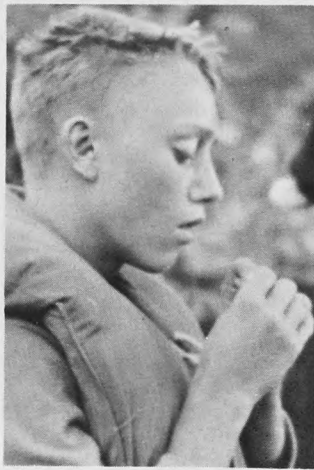
RECORDS

Three Years Later

When the school's canoe program began in 1962 we were confronted with the task of carrying two big canoes over the Grand Portage near Fort William.

The canoes weighed 400 pounds. We began the portage at two o'clock on a Sunday afternoon, eight men carrying the canoes on their shoulders. They were all big fellows; five were adults, three senior boys.

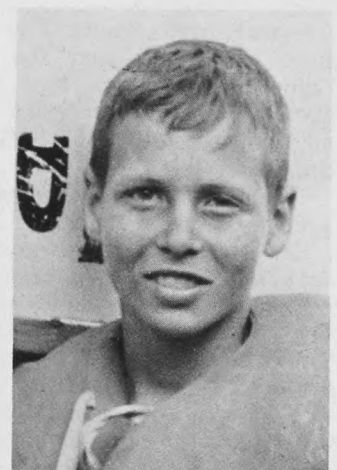
By eight o'clock, one of the canoes was half way over the portage; the



KEITH MCKAY



LINK BYFIELD



ALEXANDER GOODALL

These four carried a 240-pound canoe over a nine-mile portage in 3 hours, 40 minutes.

other had scarcely started. The men were so tired they were near collapsing. By 10 a.m. Tuesday, both had reached Fort Charlotte at the top of the trail. The total elapsed time was 44 hours.

This year, for the fourth time, a school expedition had to cross the portage. It was using lighter canoes. Instead of the 400-pound model they had to haul boats weighing 240 pounds with their paddles in them. But there were compensating differences. Instead of eight carriers there were four. And instead of men, there were 13 and 14-year-old boys, most of them veterans of the school canoe program.

The canoe-carrying team headed by Patrick Treacy, 14, of Little Grand Rapids, Man., began the portage at one o'clock. It finished the whole nine miles exactly three hours and forty minutes later. The team headed by Douglas Leonard, 16, came in 40 minutes later; the team of John Treilhard one hour behind that. The last two boat crews doubled up half way across and brought their boat in the following morning.

The Treacy team's time was by far the fastest ever recorded by the school on the Grand Portage.

Patrick had a simple enough explanation for the feat. "We said we'd walk 10 minutes and rest one, no matter how tired we got. We just stuck to it, that's all."

Along with Treacy was Keith McKay, 13, of Moose Jaw, Link Byfield of Selkirk and Alexander Goodall of Moose Jaw. The first three are all school veterans. Treacy himself has paddled the length of the Saskatchewan River and took part in the almost-successful trip from Lake Winnipeg to Hudson Bay. Byfield has paddled the Saskatchewan River's length and on the thousand-mile expedition from Minneapolis to Winnipeg last year. McKay also did the Minneapolis-Winnipeg jaunt. But Goodall is a new boy and the Grand Portage was the first one he'd ever crossed.

Another factor that made the difference was the rigorous training program that preceded the trip. The canoe carriers carried their boats up

to two miles a day for five weeks before the expedition began.

The canoes cross the Grand Portage on their run from Fort William to Winnipeg. The portage by-passes the mouth of the Pigeon River, leading directly from Lake Superior to the Pigeon's headwaters. The Pigeon plunges about one thousand feet in its last 12 miles and is not navigable.

Most other records fell on the expedition in which the Treacy crew took part. His was one of five boats that ran from the Lakehead to Winnipeg in 20 days, against the previous record of 23. This year's boats travelled the last 180 miles in three days.

Even with their three-hour and 40-minute record however the boys are a long way from equalling the fur trade. The voyageurs used to go up and back on the Grand Portage, a total of 18 miles, in four hours. They each carried a standard 180-pound load.

THE NORTH

Winter Rescue

It began to look last fall as though the school were going to permanently donate three canoes to the north country.

The three—the Jogues, the Father Turney and the Dollard des Ormeaux—had to be abandoned by the Hudson Bay expedition in September when the boys ran out of time, 95 miles from their destination at York Factory.

The crews were heading to the Bay from Grand Rapids, Manitoba, when 15-year-old Keith Veale injured his back as the boys tracked the canoes down a rapid.

The Veale boy was flown out to The Pas where his injuries were found to be minor, but it was already mid-September and the opening of school made it necessary to evacuate the expedition. Lamb Airways flew the boys out to Ilford on the Hudson Bay line, 70 miles away. They saved their gear but had to leave their boats behind on the banks of the Hayes river near the junction of the Fox.

There is virtually no habitation in the district. However the Indian Af-

fairs Branch and the Hudson's Bay Company arranged with the Indians at Shamattawa, 50 miles away, to drag the boats out over the ice behind their dog teams. This was completed in January. In March they were loaded on a tractor train, bound cross-country for Ilford, and the Canadian National Railways moved the boats south to Winnipeg.

Here they were recanvassed and all three took part in the 1965 season.

The expedition was one of the school's toughest. Blizzards descended upon the boys as they waded through the water to pull their craft over the shallow waters of the Hayes. Worst of all, however, was the fact that they lost two days at the Fox River mouth and another two at Ilford waiting for the train. This meant they could easily have made their destination and proclaimed the trip a success. As it was, they had to endure the worst conditions without reaching their objective.

THE RIVER

One Dark Night

When the school's annual 42-mile overnight canoe race from St. John's Park to Ste. Adolphe, Man., began last June, the conditions could hardly have been worse and the result was a foregone conclusion.

Rain drenched down upon the banks of the Red River behind the Cathedral as the crews skidded about in the mud loading the canoes. Once on the river, the current swept them downstream so that starting the race became a problem. Finally we had not only to race upstream all night in the rain, but a stiff south wind was against us.

In any event, everyone knew the results of the race in advance. There were nine intermediate canoes in the race, but in one of them the boys were considerably larger than in the others. And the steersman of this boat was Mr. Keith Bennett who better than anyone else knew the foibles of the Red and the direction of its curves. Only one factor might stop them from winning. Their boat, the Father Turney, had just been recanvassed and had not been properly sanded smooth. This would slow it down, but no one knew how much.

Men were steering five of the nine canoes and four were run by boys. The race would therefore lie between the five steered by men. In the long, long hours of the night, a boy would have trouble keeping other youngsters his own age working. Without a man steering there would be a tendency to yield to fatigue. Furthermore, none of the boys knew the bends of the river and in the darkness this would cause them to paddle extra mileage finding their way.

Darkness — gloomy, windy and wet — descended upon us shortly after the race began. As we rounded the first bend at Redwood bridge, the



YOUNGEST STEERSMAN

Richard de Candole, 14.

other boats began fading into the night. The lights of the city flickered eerily through the rain. The wind tore down upon us, whipping the caps off the waves. It funnelled under the Disraeli Bridge, bringing almost every boat to a dead halt between the piers. Only by maintaining a stubborn stroke could we fight our way up between them.

Then we saw it. Far off on the right bank stood what was obviously the Father Turney. The canny Mr. Bennett had detected the funnelling of the wind between the bridge piers and had gone far out of his way to the right bank to get out of it. But once there, he passed swiftly along the shore and moved up the sheltered bank to take a lead of a quarter mile.

Far behind him the other boats fought one another for a position. As they moved beneath the CPR main line bridge, the roar of a passing freight train added to the turmoil of the weather. Then came the Alexander Dock where in the blinking lights a fish tug bounced on the waves and discharged its cargo. By the Norwood Bridge, the rain had stopped but the wind continued unabated.

Our particular boat was second now. A good 500 yards ahead we saw the form of Mr. Bennett's canoe. He was detecting every river current and altering his course accordingly. Unfailingly he found the shelter of every available shoreline. Such a shrewd knowledge of the river had to be admired, even if it made your own cause in the race hopeless.

But was it so hopeless? At St. Vital we saw his crew slide silently through the dockside lights and we actually appeared to be gaining. In 15 minutes we were rounding Churchill Drive and we saw him flash beneath the Elm Park Bridge, even closer to us than he was before.

Perhaps we could actually catch up.

Thirteen-year-old Jimmy Powell, the bowsman of our boat, leaned resolutely into his paddle. No one spoke. The sound of a voice travelled easily over water, even in the wind. It could alert them of our approach and with their extra power they would move away from us.

In the gleam of lights from shore we would see their black form loom and vanish into the night. But each time it was a little closer.

Finally near Fort Garry, Powell turned and put his hand to his ear. He wanted us to listen. We could see nothing. But our ears told us that not 100 feet in front of us there was the unmistakable slap of paddles on water.

This then was the crisis. It would be one thing to catch up to them, quite another to pass them. If we made a single mistake, if a single paddle banged against the boat, if a single person spoke, they would hear us for sure and be off like a shot. We had to somehow come alongside them without being seen.

Powell matched his stroke to that of the boat ahead so that they wouldn't hear us. We must stay immediately behind them, we knew, until a point where the river widened. Then we would move to the other shore and try to slip by them in the dark.

Immediately north of St. John's College, we edged to the river's right bank while they remained on the left. We discerned them at mid-river, dead silent, in perfect order. Nevertheless, we were passing them by and they didn't know it.

But here our luck ended. Ahead of us the beam of a light at a construction site spanned the river. As we entered it, we were abreast of them. At that instant one of them happened to look in our direction. His howl was blood-chilling. "Look," he yelled. "We're caught."

The cry of voices rose above the wind. There was no need for silence now. We saw them and they saw us. They jarred one another into action. We saw their backs bend like a single organism behind their paddles. We saw their bow lift above the waves and their craft leap into life. We saw the frantic form of their steersman lunging forward with every swipe of his paddle at the water. And we matched them stroke for stroke.

Up the river past the university we raced. It must have been one or two o'clock in the morning. In a bedlam of cheering, jeering and to the cries of the steersmen, the boats hurled themselves along at speeds such craft rarely travel. Then, in the midst of it all, an amazing truth became known.

"Hey, that's not Mr. Bennett," gasped Rodney Coates.

"Who is it then?" yelled someone else.

"You guess," cried a voice in the other canoe.

We didn't need to. We were immediately beside them now, pitching along stroke for stroke, every fibre of every



FIVE NEW BOATS AND A PRECEDENT

St. John's boys at Communion service with five new canoes.

man bent to the purpose. But the crew that had so skilfully manipulated the city bridges, that had kept such a disciplined silence, that had kept up such a relentless pace, that had master-minded every bank and every current all the way from St. John's Park was in fact the crew of the youngest steersman in the race. He was 14-year-old Richard de Candole with the canoe John West. (The fearsome Mr. Bennett later turned out to be running ninth, bogged down by the Father Turney's unprepared canvass.)

We passed the John West crew at the last university bend and as they sank back into the gloom behind us, we felt it right to cheer their efforts.

When we crossed the Ste. Adolphe ferry cable at six in the morning, we had won the race. De Candole, caught 10 miles from the finish line by another boat, came in third. But as we considered the boys who hauled their gear ashore and made camp at Ste. Adolphe, and when we found that all four boys' crews had upheld themselves with equal vigour through the whole 42 miles, we knew that we'd won a great deal more than a canoe race.

HISTORY

Hands Across A River

Shortly after the foundation of the Selkirk colony, certain lands were reserved on either side of the Red River for purposes of religion and education. The west bank plots became those of the Anglican Church and St. John's Cathedral. Those on the east went to the Roman Catholic Church and St. Boniface Cathedral.

During the next 150 years, the two churches as far as we can determine, never did work jointly. But at the crisis of the colony's history — the Riel rebellion and the consequent controversies over control of the school system — they found themselves fight-

ing on the same side against most of the rest of the province.

This past year, however, after almost exactly a century and a half, a new step was taken. The Anglican Church's school, St. John's, sent three students to St. Boniface College to learn French and many more will be following this year.

In gratitude the boys of the school named two of their five new canoes after French Jesuit priests — Marquette and Brébeuf. St. Boniface College is run by the French Jesuits. Previously the boys had named another canoe after the Jesuit priest, Isaac Jogues.

(The other three canoes launched this year were the John West, the Henry Budd and the Peguis.)

St. Boniface went one step further in June by sending the rector of the college, Father Albert Ducharme, to preach at the communion service when the new boats were launched. The service was conducted in the morning sun on the banks of the river, directly across from old St. Peter's. The celebrant was Rt. Rev. John Anderson, bishop of Red River. Again it made history since this was



JESUIT GUEST

Fr. Ducharme visits school.

the first time that the two founding churches of the Red River valley had taken part in the same service.

Father Ducharme spoke slowly in meticulous English, the boys following his talk carefully. He recounted the work of the Jesuit fathers in North America and said that it was the faith of these men that enabled them to carry out their work so astonishingly well.

The purpose of the school's canoes, he said, was to teach the boys such lessons so that when they embark upon those greater voyages of their lives, they would, like Fathers Brébeuf and Marquette, do their work to the glory of God.

Father Ludger Guy, dean of studies at St. Boniface, accompanied Father Ducharme. Father Guy has taken a keen interest in St. John's since it started.

After the service, the bishop blessed and launched the five new canoes and the school's entire fleet of 13 took to the river to paddle abreast of one another and be reviewed by the bishop — the boys in their black sweaters, their red life preservers glittering in the sun.

The visitors from St. Boniface joined us for breakfast and when the boys were told that Father Ducharme had been ill and had come to the school only by defying medical advice their applause was vigorous. Obviously that was the way that people like Fathers Brébeuf and Marquette and Ducharme were supposed to act.

JUNIORS

Back On The Red

St. John's this year revived the old practice of having senior boys run the junior boat race down the Red River, an established pattern of the part-time school.

Three junior boats each with crews of 10 raced from Breckenridge, North Dakota, to Winnipeg a distance of about 500 miles down the Red River. The race took nine days. The winning crew was that of Bill Ritchie of Winnipeg, assisted by Jim Alexander of Winnipeg. Brian Parker and Dick Van Middlesworth of Winnipeg brought their crew in eight minutes behind Ritchie's boat and John Maddison of Peace River and Richard Elkington of Toronto came in one hour later.

The boys in the crews came out of Grades 6 and 7, the leaders out of Grade 10. Mr. David Thompson and Father Philip Sargeant of the school staff refereed the race. Complicating the race was a 50-mile portage around the dams at Fargo, N.D., managed on the back of a truck.

In the days of the old cutter races, the Red proved ideal for boat races but for the canoes it just isn't long enough. The canoes make almost twice the speed of the old cutters.

OVER THE SNOWS

THE RACES

The Man Who Came Last

Winter came late last year. The Red River rolled in sparkling blue past the school grounds through the sunny weeks of a warm October. Sugar Island blazed in its autumn coat of a thousand colours. November however brought death to it all. The skies changed. Low cold clouds swept steel grey out of the north. Winds lashed the river into a rage and turned it as grey as the heavens above it. The work crews blew into their aching fingers as they hoisted storm windows to their winter perch. Around the barn the boys hauled the hay beneath trees now gaunt, naked, dreary. On the riverbanks, the tall grass fell and died. The waters shrank to their winter level leaving behind them broad flanks of frozen mud. And the day came when a thin layer paralyzed their fall fury into the stony solitude that for six months would grip them silent. Far downstream in the marshes, the muskrats had readied their winter quarters. The birds had gone. The rushes bent beneath the onslaught of the northern winds. Soon the days changed. Darkness descended not much past four and ahead of each boy lay the long, long, long prospect of one more year in school.

Then one day it snowed. It came in flurries at first from those leaden clouds that raced above us. It swirled in little whirlwinds across the black ice of the Red and played with the old steeple of St. Peter's beyond the river. "Snow," says a youngster as he hurries from the dormitory building at the sound of the breakfast bell. "Snow," mutters Mr. Doolan as he tramps over the frozen field towards the school. "Snow," says Charlie Race as he peers from his kitchen into the black winter dawn.

Flurries at first, but then snow in earnest. Real snow that the clouds hurl down in slanting wrath upon fields, roofs, straw stacks and roads. Real snow which gathers with such force that the lingering warmth of that long-past summer can no longer melt it and now it deepens beneath the feet. In fact by Christmas, when the truck rolls north to find the school's Christmas trees, one glorious foot of it blankets the ground and you can almost make snowballs. They aren't much good, mind you, but with any luck at all you can bean Father Sargeant from around the corner of the building so's he doesn't know who threw it.

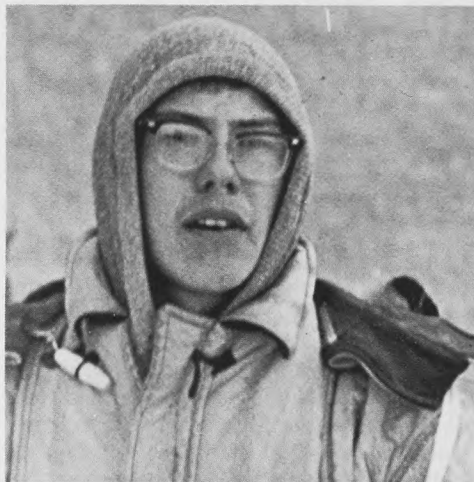
It falls and it falls. Through gloomy mornings, windswept afternoon and the long, long night it falls. It falls through those radiant days of the Christmas holidays and by New Year's the masters feel that the time has come to

work off some of the fat that's accumulated since the canoe program. So they break a trail one night over the hills to East Selkirk and then sit for two hours to talk about it in the Star Hotel, and grow fatter still.

What they're talking about, naturally, is snowshoeing. And as the boys file back for the winter term, that's what they're talking about too. One must not appear enthusiastic for snowshoeing of course. It's compulsory and therefore bad. But nonetheless a little speculation on who might win the senior race this year would be in order and so might some reminiscences of what has happened in years gone by.

The orders are up now to draw snowshoes. There's a long file for them at the office. They're handing out a new type that's just come in from a factory in New Brunswick. And George McKay is back from Berens River where he and his Saulteaux friends have been repairing some of the old ones with moose hide that makes them better than they were when they were new.

Up go the snowshoes on the bottom of each bunk. Horse-hide mitts are issued with woollen liners and the next queue forms in the staff house while the moccasins are issued. They have to have some specially made for people like Ritchie I and Chennells because no moccasin-maker conceived of feet like that.



28-MILE WINNER

Captain Michael Treacy.

Mr. Davies is now issuing snowshoe harnesses — four-foot lengths of the material they used to use for wicks in old coal oil lanterns. And then follow classroom sessions, where the lessons of the past are taught all over again.

Keep your hands in your mitts if the temperature's below zero or if you're running into a wind. Remember what happened to New's fingers once.

Pull the frames of your parka hoods forward if you're walking into a headwind.

Check each other's faces for frost-

bite patches. If you're prone to them cover your face with baby oil before you leave.

Tie your sweater around your waist in the afternoon, and put it on in the evening. If you wear it in the afternoon, you'll sweat and in the evening you'll chill.

Captains are now announced for the 18-mile junior and 28-mile intermediate races. These will take place eight weeks hence when you know how to run that mileage without stopping. But the real speculation centres on the senior race, the marathon from Matlock to Winnipeg up the Red, a staggering 50 miles. Who will the captains be?

A day later they're announced. There's McKay, of course. His team won it last year and if he wins again that will be a school record.

Then there's Van Leusden. He's very fast but he might outdo himself. Last year in the crisis of the senior run, he'd collapsed at the 40th mile because he was running sick and hadn't said so.

Ross was next. He was slower than the others himself, but fiercely tenacious. He would have to be watched.

Then there was Wallace of Vancouver, one of the fastest snowshoers in the school, but untried as a captain.

Chennells on the other hand had been running for years. He was a little heavy, but the practices would take that off.

Finally there was Atkins, from Northern Manitoba, short, wiry, and a competent crew leader in the school. How would he make out?

These speculations could go on until Wednesday afternoon when the first of eight practices would be held. Meanwhile Mr. Wiens has said that this afternoon he's going to break a trail through the back bush to the power line, a distance of one mile. Does anyone want to come?

Some do. Outside they find, of course that a new land has been born, all of it cloaked in a mantle so glittering that to stare at it very long in the afternoon sun is to invite temporary blindness. Fields, trees, barns, and school now burst with the rich life that only the sparkling white snow can provide. They laugh and sing in the afternoon sun as those yellow parkas move through the bush towards the power line and return soon, their occupants panting, wheezing, bathed in sweat because the boys had challenged the headmaster to a race back and the headmaster is too old for this but doesn't know it.

Wednesday comes and up on the bulletin boards go the maps. Team captains must choose their practice routes. Will they run 20 miles on the first day? Will they try for 25? Each must pick his route and file it with Mr. Bennett, so that if they're not back on time we know where to look.

The captains meet their men. "Twenty miles is good," says one.

"We don't want to break on the first day out."

"Twenty-five would be better," says another. "Let's get cracking into this thing. We can all make it."

But will they run north or south? "South," says one. He heard the French newscast that morning. It had said 'vent du nordouest à quinze mile à l'heure.' So what about the Matlock run? They'd need to take a car to Matlock and run back the 22 miles to the school upriver. They'd have to arrange with another team to run in the reverse direction and pick up the car. They'd have a headwind. "We'll flip to see who runs upwind and who runs down," says the other captain. It's agreed and thereby settled. We're running downwind.

Noon comes and then lunch. And

there'll be something with which to effect a rescue. But every soft spot on the river is noted and captains are carefully briefed to avoid them. With some teams, masters are running. With others, it's the boys alone. Captains running in the Netley Marsh of Lake Winnipeg carry compasses. By 2:30 the school is abandoned. Father Sargeant arranges a check-off list for those who are to telephone with their positions at six o'clock. In the kitchen Charlie Race stirs the beans and waits.

We are soon in the car, crashing through the drifts on the Clandeboye Road and in half an hour, we're putting on our snowshoes at Matlock. The tie of that harness is the most significant thing that will happen that day. If it's too loose the snowshoe will keep falling off. If it's too tight, it will cut

steady pace we'll be in at nine. If one of you cracks up and we have to carry you it could be midnight."

He again cautions Ritchie to "take it easy" for the first 10 miles and six abreast we move out onto the lake. The wind has come up now and visibility is low. We take a compass bearing on the west channel mouth but Van Leusden orders the team to follow the south shore around so that he can't miss the entrance.

The ice beneath us billows in long drifts. We skid and we trip at first as we reaccustom ourselves to the snowshoes. The shore lurks on our right through the blowing snow. We do not talk. We only listen to the chunk of the shoes through the crusted snow and the slash of them against the ice. In 10 minutes Van Leusden orders a halt for harness adjustment and then we're off again, parkas flying open. We don't want to sweat.

In an hour a break appears in the shore and we enter the west channel. Ernie Hutchings' place is there, almost buried in the drifts that have piled up against it after so many winds off the lake. And now we're in the channel. Mindell is slowing down. Van Leusden talks to him. They talk about an old movie Mindell once saw and unconsciously Mindell's pace picks up again. Mindell is new at the senior race; but the day will come when he will talk to someone else who can't keep up.

The skies turn grey and greyer still and as the channel broadens at the forks, we can scarcely see that distant apparition far ahead that appears to be moving. Yes, it is moving and rapidly it approaches us — five distinct dots that are in fact the other team coming in the reverse direction. We break into a run and meet them. There is a strange cheeriness to it as though we hadn't seen anyone for days. They give us some garlic sausage and we give them some chocolate. But their faces are different from ours. They have walked for miles, hunched forward into the headwind that was actually blowing us along.



McKAY TEAM REACHES FINISH LINE

With 50-mile marathon behind them, McKay, Odlielson, Hall come in second.

when the lunch is over the school is in a turmoil. Jones has lost his lampwick. The seniors running distances over 20 miles are getting garlic sausage issued to them. Why can't the intermediates? Here, you have my garlic sausage; I hate the stuff. The wind isn't up after all. Where's Ross's team assembling? McKay has decided on a 25-mile run and one of his men has suddenly come down with 'flu'. It's no use; that never works. You have to have a temperature of 110 and two broken legs before they'll let you out of this thing.

Behind the school there is a mass of milling yellow parkas. A junior team breaks off and heads at a gallop out over the fields towards St. Peter's; they haven't yet learned to save energy. An intermediate group heads upriver; a senior team moves down the trail into the bush. Each has about five or six men. Coiled at the hip of those running on rivers is a 50-foot length of rope. If the ice should give

your toes and you'll come in that night with a bloody sock. It must be exactly right.

We're away now. Van Leusden, the captain, will walk behind. He has told Bill Ritchie to set the pace up front — slow, steady at first, with one eye always over his shoulder to gauge the condition of the men behind.

There's a stop in the store and a chance to get the last drink you may have for 22 miles. You can eat snow, of course. But it draws heavily on the calories, runs down your resistance and often gives you a sore throat. It's better not to eat snow.

"We cross Lake Winnipeg first for four miles," Van Leusden explains. "We hit the mouth of the west channel, enter the Netley marsh and move up it for four more miles to the forks of the Red. Then we travel five miles north to Netley Creek and that gets us out of the marsh. Then we take either the river or the old road nine miles more to the school. If we keep a



18-MILE WINNER

Captain Edward Wilson.



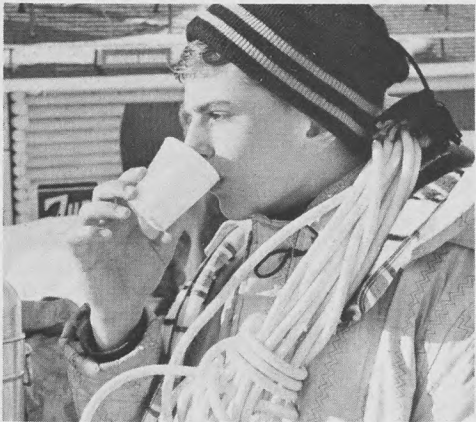
BLIZZARD

Spotter checks team.



LUNCH

Snowshoes at St. Benedict's.



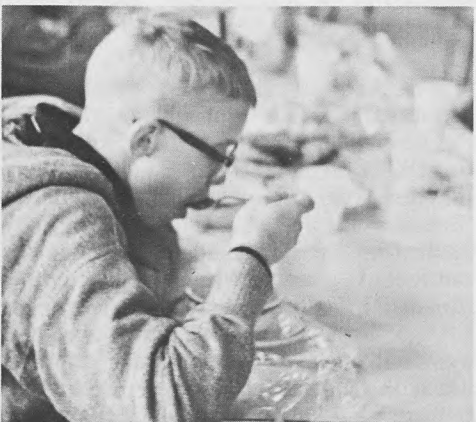
LOCKPORT STOP

Elkington and lifeline.



FINISHED

Gold, Byfield I rest.



FOOD

Brandon I at Supper.



START

Cormie I lines up.



LINE-UP

Intermediate Teams.



RACE

On river near Lockport.

We will meet them back at the school. Who will get there first?

It's dark now, totally dark, but the wind has stopped and overhead the stars scatter the skies with a dizzying array. There is a strange isolation here. We are alone now in another world, a world of ice and snow and snowshoes and lampwicks and parkas, and a dark, desolate, endless marsh, a world with a population of five. Because for the next three hours, no one else will exist.

We are conscious too of a swelling, gnawing thirst. Legs ache. Feet burn. And when we stop, which we do seldom, we become suddenly chilly. "Put your sweaters on," says a voice in the gloom. It comes from the murky figure of Van Leusden. "And don't eat snow." He says we're about a mile from Netley and the road.

We plod on. Our eyes strain forward into the dusky shoreline seeking the break in the trees that will mean Netley Creek mouth. Mindell has had trouble again and Ritchie has fallen back to talk to him. Leonard sets the pace. Alexander is limping. "What's wrong?" asks Van Leusden. "The lampwick's cutting," mutters Alexander. "Loosen it," says Van Leusden and we stop.

But the creek mouth does appear. We bound up the bank with a new vigor. Van Leusden orders the snowshoes off; we're going to take the last nine miles on the road. He's worried about Alexander's foot. But otherwise all is well if only we had something to drink.

"Come here, you guys," says Carson. "I've got something for you. He opens his parka and from inside his sweater and his shirt he produces what turns out to be six lemons. He'd bought them at Matlock, he discloses. He'd got one for everybody. We devour them whole, peel and all. God bless Carson.

We move more quickly now, racing down the darkened road past the desolate winter remains of the Breezy Point summer resort. Then far ahead there is a light, and another. We're getting back into civilization.

We're three miles from the school, says Van Leusden. We're stiff now and the pounding of moccasined feet has set up a new aching in our knees. Now it's two miles. We can barely bend our legs at the knees. Our feet hurt beyond description. We're silent. We're limping. We're counting the yards. We round a bend past the neighborhood public school. We see a point ahead on the river and beyond it a blaze of floodlights through the trees. "That's it, boys," says Carson.

"Okay," says Van Leusden. "We're going to run."

"Run?" we gasp to ourselves. "We can barely walk."

But Van Leusden starts off at a trot. Others follow. If they can do it, it can be done. We force our stiff knees to somehow bend. Our aching feet slam down on the gravel in a new way. The



50-MILE WINNER

Captain Rick Atkins.

first three steps are murderous, the fourth not quite so bad, the fifth easier still. By the 50th we're actually running. We would have thought it impossible.

We race past the Doolan's house and up on to the south field. Van Leusden runs beside us to check carefully the effect on each team member. He's satisfied; Mindell, he notes, is actually running ahead of the others.

It's nine o'clock, we discover. Across the floodlit snow, we see an intermediate team struggling towards the school. Two of their members are helping one who's limping. "What's wrong?" we shout. "Just lampwick," he shouts back. "I'll be all right." And he is.

The diningroom is in a bustle. Boys are sitting about the tables, downing cocoa along with Charlie Race's beans and cinnamon buns. Faces are ruddy but there's a keen and joyous excitement to it all. Backs are slapped and tales are told that go just slightly beyond the truth. McKay had run up Netley Creek and noticed open water at the first turn. This is immediately reported to Mr. Bennett. The wind had been so bad on the fields west of the river that one team had been lost for half an hour. An intermediate group had missed a turn on the south power line and wound up walking three miles extra. Then somebody had ripped their pants on a fence and their seat had started to freeze until somebody else had loaned them a scarf to stuff down their pants. There is much hilarity over this. Someone else says that the juniors now in bed, had eaten far more than their share of the cinnamon buns and everything always worked to the disadvantage of the senior teams.

We say Compline, our six men, and we go to sleep. In the morning we are called at precisely the usual time. We walk like wooden men but in the Wednesday afternoons that follow we become much stronger. A 22-mile walk is now no walk at all. We walk 25.

We walk 28. We walk 30. Finally, in one final all day practice we walk 50 and this determines it. We are in the race.

The Friday night before it everything changes at St. John's. The study ends early. Captains make last minute checks on the condition of their men. Strangers appear around the school — many of them university students who had done the race far back in the days of the part-time school. Amateur radio operators are establishing themselves in the radio room, being briefed on courses, check points and communications devices between the race and Winnipeg. Far into the night the university students and masters come tramping in on snowshoes; they've

some and have disappeared for others. But the answer is always the same. Keep going. And they all do.

And by evening when we arrive at St. Benedict's Convent and the sisters scurry about to feed us supper and we know we're eight miles out now and that we're going to make it, we thank God that we didn't quit.

Here too we hear that the Wilson team had won the junior race. Treacy II's had won the intermediate, just as his brother's had won it the year before.

Then as we weave through the woods on the bank of the Red and approach the lights of Winnipeg, we hear that Atkins is over the finish line and has won the senior race in the fastest time



LAST TEAM HOME

Van Leusden's teammates escorted to finish line.

been breaking the trails along the route so that the advance team won't have to do it. Conservation Officer Tommy Schindler arrives on his truck and announces that the trail has been opened by power toboggan through the marsh. Big maps printed on newsprint are laid out on floors while spotters, referees and radio men determine where and how the race will go.

We arise at four. We eat. We check out our equipment. We board the bus for Matlock and it's still dark when we arrive. By six, we're lined up on the ice and the rules are spelled out to us just for the record.

We start. There's little rush. "Take it easy," shouts a captain. "We've got a long way to go."

We cross Netley marsh beneath a red dawn. We sip cocoa at Netley Creek mouth. We reach the school at noon and pains and aches have started to develop. But they're caused almost always by the mind. In each heart there is a desperate fear that whispers, "I might not make it." And there's a voice that answers, "What choice have you got anyway?" And in some, more perhaps than we know, there's a prayer that says, "I will, God being my helper."

By Lockport, it's mid-afternoon. The pains and aches have grown worse for

on record. McKay had come in 20 minutes behind him. Then Chennells had arrived. We hear that Ross I was fourth, that he'd been leading as far as the 37th mile when he himself had become ill and started to vomit. We hear that he'd refused to quit the race and had gone the next 13 miles to finish it. Wallace comes in fifth.

And Van Leusden's team comes in last. It had been running up front until the Lower Fort when Alexander's leg gave out on him and their time slowed to a crawl. But Alexander had carried on anyway and Van Leusden's was the last group to get to the finish line in Kildonan Park.

So it was all a waste, Van Leusden may let himself think. All those miles of painful practice were all in the end for nothing. But of course this was wrong and he knows it. In the heart of those six young men seeds had been sown that will bear fruit not just in the future but in eternity.

And then we went home. From then on, we spent our Wednesday evenings selling St. John's chickens in posh downtown offices, learning the art of persuasion instead of the virtue of fortitude. Someday, of course, we would have to use them both. We put away our maps and our snowshoes and our moccasins. And we watched for the spring.

FINANCIAL

THE ACCOUNTS

And Now: Efficiency

"After all these years," said the school's accountant, Mr. Tom Copeland, last month, "the time has finally come when you fellows are going to have to learn to administer money."

He made this statement after four months of work in which he was a regular week-end guest at St. John's, poring over the school's stratified book-keeping system.

The accounts came, he discovered, in layers, each new financial regime having superimposed a slightly more elaborate system on its predecessors so that the closer you get to the present the more detailed the story becomes, like the story of the whole human race.

Back through most of it, however, Mr. Copeland plodded, trying to discover in financial terms what had been happening all these years at St. John's Cathedral Boys' School. It was a cinch, he knew, that nobody at the school could tell him. They didn't know themselves.

For one thing, within the community that runs the school, accountants were conspicuously absent. There were teachers, journalists, engineers, clergymen. And in the earlier days of the part-time school there had been a few lawyers and one economist. But financial people only appeared to have been called in, rather like the fire department, when the building looked like it was about to burn down.

Thus had Alderman (now metro councillor) Albert Bennett once been called in to set up a book-keeping system for a thing called "the St. John's Cathedral Choir Boys' Boat Club." The alderman's greatest accomplishment, he later said, was to persuade Mr. Wiens and Mr. Byfield to stop carrying all the money around in their back pockets and put it in the bank. And he had scarcely worked this reform when the SJCCBBC suddenly evolved into another thing called the St. John's Cathedral Boys' School. Instead of spending a couple of hundred dollars a year it began to look like it might run into a thousand and some day even two thousand.

There were no longer a dozen youngsters to deal with but as many as three dozen. And the boat club book-keeping system, which consisted of jotting things down in a little black booklet and then losing the booklet, plainly had to be reformed. The man chosen was Mr. Ray Turner, then of the Canada Trust Company, who got a bigger book and didn't lose it.

But Mr. Turner moved east for a while and the school kept growing. It acquired a number of boats and a large city house for its operations. Money poured in and money poured

out and we kept pouring more and more figures into Mr. Turner's book, but Mr. Turner wasn't there to interpret them.

Vainly the Cathedral parish appointed a "governing committee" to govern the school. It met monthly and each month Mr. Albert Lloyd, a retired banker and a man of stupendous patience, made precisely the same request. "What we need, gentleman," he would say, "is a clear financial statement, a *clear* financial statement." He always emphasized the word "clear."

Finally, after about a year of this, Mr. Murray Penrose, a youthful chartered accountant, heard of the school and volunteered his efforts. He spent a series of perhaps six Saturday mornings puzzling over the remnants of the Turner regime and he pieced together a kind of statement that was as clear, he said, as he could make it. It showed that the school was apparently staggering along somehow, sometimes making ends meet, sometimes not, but surviving. He also bought us a rather large book with more columns in it and little headings. Then he moved north to Dauphin. He trained Miss Shirley Hogue of the school staff to run the books and we were on our own again. Diligently, we put all the right figures in the right places, but we still couldn't put them together properly. Before long, therefore, we were back in the dark and Mr. Lloyd was saying: "What we need gentlemen, is a *clear* financial statement."

However, while the accounting system remained primitive, the school itself burst into maturity. In 1961 it arranged to acquire the Dynevor property and operate there a week-end school for boys. Obviously some sort of adequate financial administration had to be arranged. The time had come to find another financial man.

This brought into the picture Mr. A. Bruce Laking of the Winnipeg Free Press, who, by working night after night, opened a more complex system of books, tied the old system into it and masterminded the financial implications of the school's move to Dynevor — no mean trick for an organization without any money. Much of it was raised by the boys writing thousands of letters to people in the diocese, asking them each for two dollars. Much too was raised by the school lawyer, Mr. Hugh Parker, who has assisted us since we began.

But Mr. Laking no sooner had the new system established and working than there was another change. The week-end school came to an end and the full-time school began.

The financial effect was to quadruple the magnitude of the operation. The book-keeping and business admin-

istration, said Mr. Laking, was rapidly becoming a full-time job. So he trained people at the school to do it, and again we were on our own, assisted in the book-keeping by Mr. Art Reimer of the Royal Bank of Canada who spent his Saturday mornings keeping the money in order.

The operation, however, began to expand beyond all previous proportions. What Mr. Wiens and Mr. Byfield had run six years previous out of their back pockets had now become a five to ten-thousand-dollar a month enterprise. Furthermore, it had to expand more still. The fire commissioner approved the old residence building, but urged that it be replaced as soon as possible. The upper grades had to be added, and this meant more teachers and therefore new accommodation. How was it all to be handled?

It had to be done, said Mr. Reimer, through a bank loan and he felt that



REFORMER

Mr. Tom Copeland.



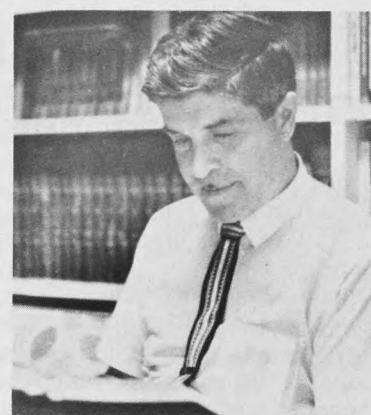
ALBERT BENNETT



BRUCE LAKING



RAY TURNER



HUGH PARKER

From time to time it was necessary to call in the fire department.

one could be arranged if the Diocese of Rupert's Land endorsed it.

Quick calculations were then made. A dormitory block capable of housing 100 boys the way private schools usually house them would cost well over \$100,000, we were told. But what about army-type housing? Could a building not be put up on the military pattern? It certainly could, and our original estimate on the cost of one was \$38,000. One new staff house would also be necessary at a cost of about \$9,000. Allowing for other incidentals, it seemed a \$50,000 loan would cover it.

Would the diocese back us up? We laid the plan before the finance committee of the diocesan council. We needed endorsement for a \$50,000 loan, we said. When could we pay it back? We were sure we could raise \$20,000 this year and \$10,000 for the next three years. The committee wasn't sure, but it happened that the diocesan synod was meeting the very next week. We could lay the whole plan before the 250 delegates to the synod.

This, we proceeded to do. The delegates listened to our case. One spoke against us on the grounds, not of finance, but of principle. He didn't think the church should be in the education business at all. Twenty then spoke in favour of us and the assembly voted for endorsement with only one visible hand raised against it. To critics who say that the Anglican church profits from the school without supporting it, it was an overwhelming and decisive answer.

The school then borrowed the \$50,000, agreeing to pay back \$20,000 by December 31 of 1964, and the rest in \$10,000 annual payments over three years.

New problems, however, soon beset us. The original \$38,000 estimate on the building turned out to be low. The price was actually \$47,000. The new house cost \$9,000. But the capacity of the school now stood at 100 students and here our financial inexperience told heavily.

The former capacity of the school had been 70. It was now 100. Merely increasing dormitory space was n't enough. New classrooms had to be furnished; new dining room facilities added; new equipment added for the outdoor program; new kitchen equip-

ment to feed the increased number. Furthermore, the old buildings were suffering badly from the school's handling. Doors had to be replaced and windows refitted. We were urged rather pointedly to get the old school truck off the roads and had to buy a new one. And new facilities had to be added on the farm.

Plainly the time had come once more to call in the fire department. This time, however, we knew that no volunteer would put in the time required to sort this out. We decided to hire an accountant. The man chosen was Mr. Copeland, better known probably as the former mayor of Transcona.

Mr. Copeland was not on the job two months before he recommended that the newly hired accountant be fired. "You can't afford him," he said, "we'll have to let him go. Then I can work for nothing. Nobody else is making any money around here. Why should I?"

On weekends, Mr. Copeland pretty much moved into St. John's. He ate with the boys in the dining room, conferred for hours with individual members of the staff, sorted out the complex financial history of the place and by the summer had figured out what had happened.

Instead of spending \$50,000 as originally planned, he said, the school spent \$89,000 on new capital facilities. It had paid off the bank on December 31 all right, but had dipped into its own operating accounts to do so, and had wound up at the end of June deeply indebted to its suppliers.

However, there were brighter developments too. The school's power to raise money was better than predicted. Instead of raising \$20,000 the first year, it had actually raised \$30,000.

This latter development was almost entirely due to the work of one man. He is J. Elmer Woods, president of the Monarch Life, and former chairman of the Canadian committee of the Hudson's Bay Company. His interest in the place goes back to the days of the St. John's Cathedral Choir Boys' Boat Club. He happened one day to see the boys toiling at the oars of the old cutter St. John and questioned us as to why we were doing it. When we

told him, he said to call on him if we ever needed help. We have done so repeatedly and he has never flagged in his response. This time, we asked him if he could raise a thousand dollars for us. In spite of commitments to numerous other organizations he raised nearly \$10,000.

In addition to this \$30,000, we collected nearly \$10,000 more from another unexpected source, a book written by Ted Byfield in reply to Pierre Berton's "The Comfortable Pew," whose proceeds went to the school.

With all this, however, the school is still under by about \$19,000 on its capital account and also faces the task of raising the annual \$10,000 this fall. The latter however can be recovered by the annual payment on pledges made by school supporters last year.

In the meantime, however, the money had been paid by the simple expedient of letting many of the regular supplier accounts fall two months in arrears. This would have to be corrected.

On the question of day-to-day financial administration of the school, Mr. Copeland had a great deal more to say.

Budgets had been drawn up but were ineffective, he said, since the buying of supplies was not related to them until it was already too late.

The buying itself was amateurish. Retail prices were being paid where wholesale purchases could be made. Verbal bids and tenders should be called on certain commodities and weren't.

Money collected in the meat program, he said, was not being handled systematically and while the chaos of this program might have been very amusing during its organizational period, its collections had to be made on a much more business-like basis hereafter.

Finally, he noted that the school's day to day operations in the past ran at a slight profit and this past year ran at a slight loss. This had to be corrected and quickly.

To achieve these aims Mr. Copeland instituted a tight budget control system.

"How much are you going to take in next year from all sources of revenue?" he asked. The answer: \$65,000 from tuition fees, \$7,500 from the outdoor program, \$13,000 on clothing, and \$30,000 from farm sales to the public and to the school.

Next, he said, find out how much you want to spend in each department. We found out and it totalled almost precisely the amount of the expected revenue.

"No good," said Mr. Copeland. "Cut back wherever you can until your expenditure estimates are only 90% of your revenue estimates. That way you'll be able to start bringing your accounts up to date throughout the year instead of owing everybody money all the time."

So we met and began chopping back. Examples: \$800 knocked off for extra laundry help because the boys and women of the school will have to do it from now on; \$400 off for regravelling back roads; the boys may be able to corduroy them.

Accounts were trimmed back wherever additional work by staff or boys would result in substantial budget savings. When we were finished we had the forecast revenue of the school at \$115,000 and the forecast expenditure at \$103,000.

Buying procedure was reformed so that no orders could be placed without an immediate reduction in the accounts affected and no budget could be exceeded without a corresponding cut in another account.

To administer the new procedure, Mr. Keith Bennett was appointed comptroller of the school at Mr. Copeland's suggestion.

On one obvious point however, Mr. Copeland recommended no change. That was in the matter of the school fee. Our tuition and boarding fee is now one of the lowest in the country. At \$650 a year it is less than a third the fee charged by most non-Roman Catholic boarding schools. The \$65 a month would scarcely buy room and board in Winnipeg, let alone provide for any teaching.

But there were other aspects to the question. For one thing, the construction camp atmosphere at St. John's could scarcely be compared to the living conditions at most of these other institutions. For another, the St. John's boys with their work around the school and particularly on the meat program are in fact paying part of their own way. Finally, while the \$65 may not be much compared to other schools or to room and board rates, it's plenty from the point of view of the family who has to pay it. When the clothing charges and outdoor fees are added it comes to well over \$800 a year. To a man making \$4,000 this is one fifth of his income. If he has several children it means that one fifth is being spent on one of them. To keep two children in St. John's is a virtual impossibility for most families.

Therefore a \$25 boost in the annual charge for the school outdoor program was allowed. The tuition and boarding fee rates, Mr. Copeland said, simply must not go up.

To swell the school's capital income, however, a new source of revenue is being investigated. The school is uniquely equipped to run a summer program for youngsters. Its outdoor equipment and canoe fleet lie idle for much of the summer. Next year, the Company of the Cross which runs the school will operate a special canoe program for American youngsters, following the voyageur routes through Quetico and Superior National Parks. School personnel and equipment will be used in the program and certain of the school's students will be hired to direct it with the masters. The tentative objective of the program is a net profit of \$25,000. If it succeeds it will

solve the capital problem.

Meanwhile, Mr. Copeland has no doubt that the current remedies will correct the situation. He plans to spend most weekends at the school next year.

When I consider what has been done already," he says, "when I think of all the people who have helped out over the years, when I think of all the difficulties and obstacles that have been overcome, it seems pretty obvious that there is more behind this than simply human beings. I think that it's nothing less than the grace of God that has put the school where it is and we've no reason to believe that He's going to let us down now."

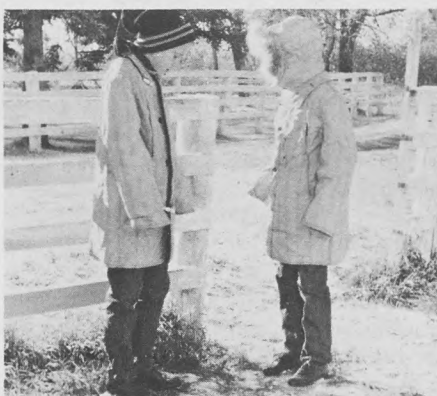
God, however, builds His kingdom here on earth with the hands of men. And some of those hands belong to accountants.



WHITES AND CORDS



SCHOOL SWEATERS



SPECIAL PARKAS



RAIN GEAR



WINDBREAKERS



SCHOOL WEAR

The school this year continues to issue almost all the clothing worn by its boys. Here Cormie II and Hammil demonstrate some of the outfits.

THE COMPANY

INCORPORATION

Back After 16 Years

The Manitoba Legislature with little discussion and no debate this year brought into existence something known as the Company of the Cross. While no publicity attended its action, what it in fact meant was that the Anglican Church in Manitoba, after a 16-year holiday from the field, now was officially back in the business of education at the primary and secondary school levels.

The church vacated the field in 1949 when it closed St. John's College School at Winnipeg. The eleventh-hour efforts of a group of Winnipeg businessmen and some of the school's old boys saved the historic institution from extinction by merging it with Ravenscourt School to form St. John's Ravenscourt. Under the vigorous and inspired guidance of Headmaster R. L. Gordon the new school carried on the traditions of both the old ones and became in 15 years one of the finest private schools in the country.

It was not however affiliated with the church. For the first time since the founding of the Red River colony, the Anglican church was not engaged directly in the education of youngsters below the university level.

This situation continued for nine years. Then, in 1958, by a motion of the St. John's Cathedral vestry and with the consent of Archbishop Walter F. Barfoot, the St. John's Cathedral Boys' School was brought into being as a weekend school in North Winnipeg.

The Cathedral School had no connection whatever with the old St. John's College School, though it was situated at almost the same location where the old college school had for so many years stood. The new school was the product of the discussions of a Christian cell. It came about because a group of laymen in the Cathedral parish had decided that the church must reassert itself in education if it were to survive in an increasingly antipathetic world. A modern Christian philosophy of education had to be worked out and implemented.

As the school developed, the group of teachers who ran it developed with it. And as it neared the point where full-time operations could be started at Dynevor near Selkirk, one obstacle loomed ever larger. The kind of school we wanted appeared to be a financial impossibility.

Private schools in Canada had to set tuition fees at \$1,800 a year and up. Clothing and travel costs could bring this well over \$2,000 and in some cases the total hit \$3,000. Obviously only the barest fraction of the population could afford this. Yet, if we were to pay the salaries that teachers command, this

would be the kind of fee scale that must result.

Then too there were the schools run by religious orders. At Regina, the Anglican Sisters of St. John the Divine ran Qu'Appelle Diocesan School (now St. Chad's) where the fee scale was \$75 a month. In Quebec, the collèges classiques charged about the same. So did Notre Dame at Wilcox, Sask. The St. Boniface College fee was similar. These were in many cases less than a third of the fee charged at the private schools. The explanation was of course that in the case of schools run by religious orders, the priests, sisters and lay brothers work for room and board only.

But how could we do this? Half our teachers were married. We had no religious order and no ambition to form one. What we wanted was a school. Life in a religious community might be possible for single men or single women. But complicate this with husbands, wives, children and the inherent unity of the family, and the thing seemed impossible.

Yet some form of community life had already developed in the part-time school. We had found, for instance, that the teachers themselves must administer the place as its controlling authority. Further, these teachers had to work on the basis of unanimity. Everything that was done had to have the full assent of all. This meant laborious hours spent in thorough discussion of all aspects of the school's work, but it resulted in a single-minded dedication to one objective and one method of gaining it. Finally, it became perfectly plain that each teacher had to be there out of the same religious conviction. Other motives — educational, sociological, therapeutic or recreational — led only to grief.

This mutual experience, we eventually realized, could actually be made into the foundation of a community. We therefore laid out a plan on paper. Suppose the school were planned on the basis that all teachers and their wives worked for the sort of nominal income paid in religious orders. Housing, food, medical care would be provided by the community and allowances paid for clothing and incidentals. Suppose too that the pupils did much of the maintenance work of the school and ran a farm to help meet costs. What would the resulting fee structure be? The answer was that it would be almost the same as the fees charged in schools run by religious orders.

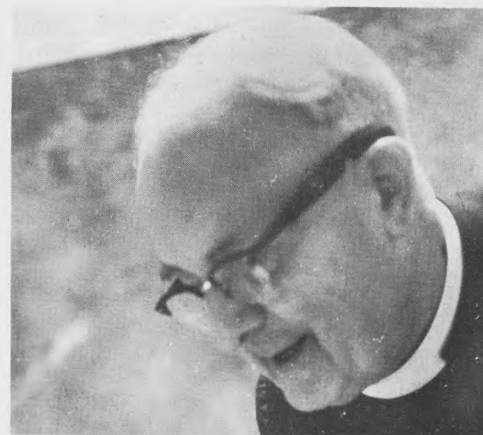
Still we hesitated. It meant abandoning jobs and risking family incomes. This was a little daunting. But at that moment, we were thoroughly humiliated. The chaplain of the school at the time was the late Rev. W. C. Turney, once renowned in Winnipeg as the

man who challenged the city's jay-walking by-law on the ground that it offended against the rights of the common man. Father Turney was just retiring, at 75, from St. Michael's Church. Father Turney took his savings out of the bank and gave them to the school. He asked us to improve an old cottage on the property for him and he would live there until he died.

"But what if the place should fail?" we asked. "You won't have the cottage and you won't have any money either."

Father Turney said the place would not fail so there was no need to provide for that possibility.

The old priest's example compelled



SET EXAMPLE

Rev. William Turney.

action by the rest of us. We laid out three rules. A religious rule required us to say private prayers and attend chapel twice daily, be present at a celebration of Holy Communion twice weekly and read the bible daily. A social rule required that we eat one meal together every day and that there be candor among the members. An economic rule assured us of food, housing, education, medical care, clothing, and an allowance of \$1 a day.

We submitted this plan to Archbishop Howard Clark and he approved it. He would accept annual promises of the members to obey the society's rules. We agreed that members must be Anglicans, and that neither husband nor wife might join without the other. We called ourselves the Dynevor Society, changing this later to the Company of the Cross.

There were 12 members of the company last year and there will be 10 this year. One man left to go into the clergy and another to attend teacher's college. Next year some 10 new people have signified that they want to join.

All problems confronted so far have been met. The intricacies of several families living within one community proved no more involved than those encountered in most neighbourhoods, and a far firmer philosophy exists for resolving them. The daily meeting however is an absolute essential, so that each member is familiar with the tasks confronting the others.

The purpose of the Company will be

to run schools and to take part in other ventures of an educational nature. One of the first tasks it undertook after its incorporation was to publish a book in reply to Pierre Berton's "The Comfortable Pew."

Increased membership next year should make it possible to found within three years a second school for boys somewhere else in the country. Inquiries are already being made from other dioceses. Another project might be the opening of a day school in Winnipeg for lower grades. The philosophy behind future schools will be the same as that which underlies St. John's.

PERSONNEL

Island Encounter

When the 1962 canoe expedition was moving down the Winnipeg River on its way west from Fort William, we camped one night on an island north of Minaki. During the Compline service, three young men arrived in a motorboat. They didn't like to interfere, they said later. It was just that the family of one owned the island and they wondered who was trespassing on it.

In the annals of the school it was a somewhat historic encounter. We have never lost contact with the trio. They turned out to be Americans from Minneapolis. They visited the school on their way home. One of them, Dick Gerberding, later that summer helped Rev. Eric Cox run a mission on upper Lake Winnipeg. In 1964 he made most of the arrangements for the school's Minneapolis-Winnipeg canoe trip.

We heard from another of the three last year. He is John McCormack, who went to Yale University for a year, then on the advice of the faculty took a year off to better determine his future. "Go somewhere where you have to think things out," they had said.

He thought of St. John's and telephoned us. Could he be of any use for a year, he asked.

He certainly could and he certainly was. He helped direct the meat program. He taught Latin and composition. He refereed the snowshoe races,



AMERICAN IMPORT

John McCormack of Yale.

paddled in the canoes and ran the school's countless errands in Winnipeg.

Now he's back at Yale. Before leaving, he told the boys he would be back. We hope he comes. We need him permanently. There is a great deal to do.



OUT OF THE NORTH

Father Philip Sargeant.

The One-Hour Visitor

When Rev. Canon Philip Sargeant of Flin Flon, Man., came to St. John's school in August of 1964, he intended to stay an hour. He's still here.

His mistake, he later realized, was in disclosing that he had formerly been a teacher in an English boarding school for boys. He taught there after serving in the British army during the Second World War.

He later came to Canada, studied theology at St. John's College in Winnipeg, was ordained and served for many years as a missionary in the Diocese of Brandon. He is single.

His summer visit to St. John's was to satisfy curiosity. Thereafter, he returned to his parish briefly, moved into the school last September and since then has taught Latin and English and been school chaplain.

He has also managed the boys' accounts, checked the boys' clothing condition, refereed boat races, hauled hay, driven buses, packed meat, fed chickens, sold books and spent the summer mowing the school's 12 acres of lawns.

In the meantime, says Headmaster Frank Wiens, every effort is being made to prevent him from fleeing to the north country again.

Teacher Takes Wife

In the fall of 1962 a young lady came to St. John's from Medicine Hat to enroll her younger brother. Then she continued east to Montreal and to England where she was a teacher in a boys' school. Her name was Miss Clare de Candole.

Since high school days, we learned, she had been a friend of Mr. Keith Bennett, a member of the school staff. During her Winnipeg visit therefore, we pointed out to Mr. Bennett that he would someday have to find a wife

and that he would have to look a long way before he'd find a better one than Miss de Candole.

Years passed, three years. Miss de Candole went to England, then to Africa and eventually she returned to Medicine Hat. About then, Mr. Bennett began growing homesick for Medicine Hat. It had been a long time since he visited his family, he said. He felt he should spend a little time at home this year. During one of his visits, we found that his family was actually in Vancouver. However, he seemed to want to go back anyway.

Then Miss de Candole spent Easter week at the school and another week in August. And it now develops that she is going to spend even more time here in the fall and next year too. This is because she was married August 28 in old St. Peter's Church across the Red River and her name is now Mrs. Keith Bennett.



MRS. BENNETT

Captured after three years.

Better In Practice

Former school chaplain, Rev. Arthur Millward, came back from the University of Windsor in May to rejoin the Company of the Cross for the summer.

In the following four months, he tutored boys, marked examination papers, and then took over complete and single-handed control of the school farm.

"This," said the classics scholar as he fed thousands of chickens and shovelled tons of manure, "is the only job I know better in practice than in theory."

He left for the Windsor University faculty in September. We look forward to seeing him again next summer and the next and the next and the next.

Teacher Makes Good

Another of our former teachers made good this year.

He was, in fact, one of the first men to volunteer to teach in the school. He used to come up on Sunday afternoons back in 1958 when the senior school consisted of four boys, resident week ends in the Byfield house.

His hobby was mathematics and throughout the fall of 1958 he demonstrated tricks in it to the little student body. Then the school grew and the pressure of other duties compelled him to discontinue his classes.

His name is Richard S. Bowles and this year he was appointed lieutenant governor of Manitoba. Congratulations, Mr. Bowles.



EX-ST. JOHN'S MAN

Lieutenant-Governor Bowles.

LOST AND FOUND

The Criterion Of Success

Ultimately, the only way in which the success of the school can be gauged is by the quality of the product it is producing.

If the boy, entering amidst the bedlam of the farm and sales program, maturing with the challenge of canoe and snowshoe, and emerging from the discipline of the academic program, has become a man, then we have succeeded.

It is to measure this success that we watch closely at the end of a canoe or snowshoe race for a familiar face in the crowd of well wishers. The former boys are easy to spot: their faces mirroring the admiration that can only be felt by someone who has emerged victorious from the same experience.

Their group grows larger with each passing year: some finishing high school, some starting to work, some continuing to University; but each of them, we hope, somehow changed by the school.

Of particular interest to us, for in-

stance, is the work currently being undertaken by John Stringam, who left the part-time school in the fall of 1961. Now a third-year honors history student at St. John's College, his record of achievement is already impressive.

After leaving the school, he won several oratorical contests and debates and placed first in a Canada-wide essay contest. Last year he was elected president of the Anglican Young People's Association for the Diocese of Rupert's Land and rewrote its constitution.

When asked to head a delegation to meet Bishop Reindorp upon his arrival in Winnipeg John turned up at the airport with an enthusiastic following of 350 chanting, picketing supporters.

Later that year, at his "Hot Gospel Hootenanny," the St. John's Cathedral parish hall was shaken to the rafters by the singing and clapping of young AYPAs representatives from all over Winnipeg.

"We wanted to show them that the praise of God was meant to be a happy and joyous act," John explained.

Probably the happiest of all turned out to be Bishop Anderson, who wrapped up the show with his own swingin' version of, "When The Saints Go Marchin' In."

Among projects for the coming year will be John's assessment and attempted reorganization of the existing AYPAs structure. He hopes to set up an organization in which the junior high and senior high school members play a more active role in AYPAs activities, while those over this age organize more activities on a national scale.

Another project will be the operation of a coffee shop in the basement of All Saint's Church. Plans were completed late this summer and official approval is now all that is needed. If the plans go through, volunteers will redecorate the basement in preparation for an October opening. The coffee house will be operated on weekends, featuring local entertainers and acting as a sort of community centre for the district.

Another attempt to show people the meaning of the church in modern terms will be a performance of the Twentieth Century Folk Mass at St. John's Cathedral in October.

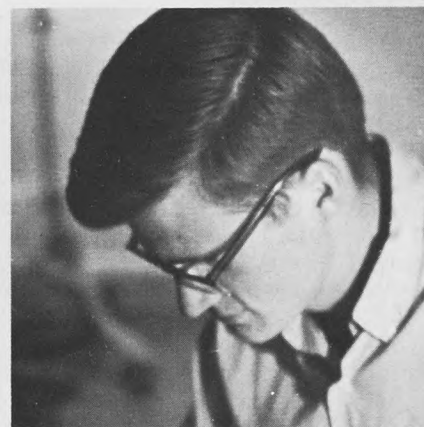
However, the project with the farthest reaching effects will be the foundation of St. Francis House, a residence for university students in the heart of a Winnipeg slum area. The students hope that by their presence, they can gain a closer understanding of the problems these people face and they believe that living in this area will be an experience sufficiently strong to test and prove their own beliefs, giving them a sense of perspective in their own religion.

All of these activities are evidence of a new attitude towards the church which John has brought with him to his work. This attitude is the result of a spirit of enthusiasm and excitement,

a spirit which is making more and more people realize the immediacy of Christianity.

This new spirit was best described, said John, at Assembly '65, a conference between the Anglican and United Church's youth organizations. One of the speakers, a civil-rights organizer from the United States, said that, if there was any hope at all for the Christian church, it lay in making Christianity what it originally was. . . . a movement, not an organization.

"Perhaps with this spirit," said John, "the church can be made to relate more closely to society, and then society will be placed in a better position to discover how much more Christianity really is."



THE NEW SPIRIT

Mr. John Stringam

The Adventures Of M & S

The arrival of Mr. Michael Maunder back at St. John's this September has brought to an end the 14-month power struggle over the control of the folk-singing empire known as M-S Productions. This clash of interests has been followed carefully by the school because both the "M" and the "S" came from here and so did many of the folk-singers. The "M" of course stands for Mr. Maunder and the "S" for Mr. David Springbett who left the school in 1962 to go to England.

Mr. Maunder left the same year after coxing the losing boat in the last Red River cutter race. He wanted, he said, to "taste something of life" before "burying myself in a university." The university meanwhile was likewise disinclined to receive the body until its owner had cleared up the matter of his French. Throughout high school Mr. Maunder had distinguished himself by never once passing a French examination of any kind.

Therefore Mr. Maunder found himself a job on the Winnipeg Free Press and realized at once that he needed something to further engage his mind. He had always had a great hankering to sing, he confesses, but successive choir masters had been unanimous in asking him not to.

"Don't you remember," he recalls, "how I used to be in the section of the school choir that was called the monotones? The choirmaster always used

to say to us, 'Now you guys go over in that corner and just shut up for awhile please.' Or else, while everybody else sang, we would clean the barn or burn the garbage."

If Mr. Maunder could not sing, neither could he play any musical instrument. This however could scarcely be counted enough to keep him out of a group whose business is singing and playing musical instruments. Every group needs a manager and all a manager has to know how to do is talk. In this regard, Mr. Maunder suffers no handicap whatever.

His opportunity came when Mr. Geoff Norquay, (formerly of St. John's) was responsible for an evening of entertainment at the Selkirk Collegiate. Did Mr. Maunder know perchance any groups that might be interested in taking apart? The pay would be \$50 a group and he needed two of them.

Instantly Mr. Maunder talked to Chris Westdal (formerly St. John's) and Mr. Springbett, now back from England, who with a young lady named Janie Randolph formed a trio called "The Northumberland Three." He also talked to Ian Parker (formerly St. John's) and asked would he be interested in enrolling his little ensemble known as the "Fort Mudge Clam Chowder and/or Marching Society Etc. Inc." and called more commonly the "Fort Mudge Clam Chowder and/or Marching Society."

Mr. Parker wondered how much money would be paid for the Selkirk production. "Thirty dollars," replied Mr. Maunder.

"A good folk song group can get \$20 a night," Mr. Maunder explains. "Thirty dollars, I felt, was just about excellent. But Parker somehow thought I meant \$30 a person in his trio. When he found out after it was over that it was going to be \$30 for all three, he became quite annoyed. This was the beginning of the friction."

The matter however was resolved by Mr. Maunder surrendering his 10 per cent agent's commission to Mr. Parker for other services which Mr. Parker had rendered to Mr. Maunder. These services, said Mr. Maunder, were a little tuition in the French language. "Mr. Parker thought the possibility of his ever getting paid for the tuition was even more hopeless than the possibility of my ever getting through the course."

The success of the Selkirk enterprise led to more ventures. The St. Vital YMCA, Mr. Maunder recalls, was interested in a folk-singing group—a free folk-singing group—for its gymnastic night.

"The economics of a YMCA gymnastic night are relatively simple. If there are 2,000 members in the Y, this means a minimum of 4,000 parents. At 25 cents gate admission, this means \$1,000. However, we were to come down to perform between the acts at intermission.

"It was one of the saddest things

that happened in my entire theatrical career," says Mr. Maunder. "Our group was to go on between a performance of the Jungle Jumpers, an act in which a group of male 10-year-olds dressed in leopard skins leapt from rafter to rafter around the stage, and a performance of the 10 B-Xers, an act in which a group of female 60 to 70-year-olds dressed in black tights leapt about for 15 minutes on the floor."

The Jungle Jumpers wound up their performance. The lights went out and the spotlight fell on the Northumberland Three. Then three things happened simultaneously. First, the trio began its act. Next, everybody started to get up and go out for their intermission. Then somebody else came in and began selling soft drinks around the room in a loud voice. "It made the singing very difficult," said Mr. Maunder.

"As the trio progressed from one number to another, it became pretty obvious that no one in the room, no one at all, was listening to what we were doing. People were talking. Sev-



THE "M"

Michael Maunder

eral of the smaller children, too young to be Jungle Jumpers though they seemed to belong in the jungle anyway, wandered over to a piano and began slapping at the keyboard with their hands. Somebody else dropped a case of soft drinks and they smashed all over the floor. The lights came on. The trio blinked dazedly in an incandescent glare but the song continued. Cleaning people arrived to shovel up the glass. A couple of children began a tag game around the performers on the stage. But Chris and Dave and Janie plodded on resignedly with their hit number, 'We Shall Not Be Moved.'

The following night however there was another gymnastic evening in St. Vital and the trio brazened it out again. But things went better this time and Mr. Maunder's enthusiasm kindled. He united with Mr. Springbett to form M-S Productions. About a dozen folk song groups agreed to permit M-S to act as their booking agents.

Big "hootenannies" were organized at Falcon Lake and Grand Beach. Enormous energies were expanded. "Admissions were always on a pass-the-hat basis," says Mr. Maunder, "but our appeals for support were often heart-rending. At the end of one performance Springbett had the entire company of 20 people kneeling on the stage, begging the audience to put more than a dime in the hat."

As summer turned to fall, M-S was backing as many as four shows a week. Mr. Maunder and Mr. Springbett were pocketing as much as \$40 a month and fights were already breaking out over the money.

"The fact is," Mr. Maunder recalls, "that Springbett was milking the cow at both ends. He'd collect his 10 per cent commission as a booking agent and then he'd also collect as a performer. I, with my voice you'll understand, was restricted to a managerial position.

"At one point we decided to resolve everything by increasing the agent's commission to 25 per cent. We asked



THE "S"

David Springbett.

the various groups what they thought about this and they didn't seem too impressed. So we did it anyway and most of them promptly threatened to pull out.

"That did it. M-S broke up. Springbett went on to form Meridian Productions and I formed what was called Theta Productions.

"Furthermore Springbett fell in with a bad group. They were what you'd call Bohemians, drifters, no stability. They were these peace crusaders. You know, the kind of people who are planning one day to go down and help out in the segregationist riots in Selma and the next day to get in on the separatist riots at Quebec. Frankly I was worried about Dave in this regard. But he never listens to me anyway.

"Pretty soon the inevitable struggle broke out between us for the control of the folk song groups. Naturally in the end I won. Springbett's about as good at booking as I am at singing.

However he then turned to the publishing field and took to publishing literature on behalf of his Bohemian friends. He formed a subsidiary of Meridian which he called 'the Lost Cause Press.' He got himself a stenciling machine and a cheap silk screen outfit and embarked on two major ventures.

"One was the publication of a magazine. He called it 'Gleek.' I asked him what Gleek was going to be about. 'Satire,' he said. What kind of satire, I asked. 'Just satire,' he said. In the centre he told me he was going to have a fold-out like in Playboy. But he couldn't afford any pictures of girls so he just used his silk screen to run off a page upon which was printed in six-inch letters the single word 'LUST.' This was 'suggestive,' he explained. I told him it didn't suggest anything to me, except the fact that both he and Gleek were nuts. He printed Volume I Number I and that was the end of Gleek.

"The other major publication was called 'Borscht.' It was to be a 'pot pourri of contemporary literary criticism,' he said. But it didn't even get as far as Gleek had got because his silk screening outfit got all fouled up when he tried to run it on second hand paint he'd found in the basement.

"In fact he couldn't even finish running Gleek because of his silk screen difficulty. I, however, had a silk screen and naturally I couldn't see him stuck. So I rented him mine."

Meanwhile, says Mr. Ma under, Theta Productions boomed. He had 20 folk singing groups at one point and after working for them for a full year he had made enough out of it to pay for his sound system and silk screen. "It was my most profitable year in the business," he said. "I broke even. In fact, I had a profit of five hundred hootenanny posters which I'd run off on my silk screen. I still have them. Do you know anyone who would want any hootenanny posters?"

However in the end Mr. Ma under folded Theta so that he could take another stab at the Grade 12 French. With the help of Mr. Parker, he succeeded in the Grade 12 examination in August. The mark was 53 per cent. "Now that I know French," he said, "I just feel a great deal more confident."

Meanwhile, his broad business experience seems to fit him admirably to help direct the school's meat program this year. He'll also tutor junior boys in a variety of subjects, other than French.

Mr. Springbett on the other hand has closed down Meridian Productions shaved off his beard, abandoned the Bohemians and buried Lost Cause Press deep in his past. He's at the University this year in the respectable position of associate editor of The Manitoban. By way of atonement, he put in one week at the school in September to help prepare the buildings for the fall term.

TELEVISION & PUBLICITY

PUBLICATIONS

The Man Who Couldn't

"What do I know about selling books?" demanded Mr. Ralph Mindell. "I'm in the insurance business. I've never sold books. Not even one book. Let alone five thousand books."

We had, however, the distinct conviction that Mr. Mindell could sell just about anything. If he would volunteer his efforts in the sale of this particular book, a good work would be effected and St. John's would be materially aided.

It was then April 1. The book in question had just been written by Ted Byfield of the school staff. It was to be a reply to Pierre Berton's publication, "The Comfortable Pew." Proceeds were to go to the school. A Toronto publishing house had offered to get it out in September. This, we decided, would be useless. By September Mr. Berton's book would be forgotten.

We might, however, publish it privately. The experts said such a move would be foolish. We couldn't get it in-



SOLD: 19,000 BOOKS

Ralph Mindell at work.

to the book stores. Its circulation would be limited. It would cost us money.

But the money factor favored private publication. If a publisher took it, the author gets 10 to 15 per cent of the selling price. Best sellers are lucky to achieve a sale of 5,000. The price of the book would be \$1.50. The school would be lucky to get \$1,000 out of it on this basis.

On the other hand if it were privately published, we could get it printed for 33 cents a copy. At \$1.50 therefore we would make more than \$1 a book for any books sold directly and about half a dollar for those sold through book stores.

Furthermore the usual arguments against private publication did not hold in this case. Many factors had combined to make Mr. Berton's book an overwhelming money maker. It had evoked a natural curiosity. Here were the stuffy old Anglicans inviting one of the nation's professional religious cynics to publicly pan them. There had been an opportune controversy over the book before it ever came out. When it did come out, its author was in a position to give it unparalleled publicity. He controlled one television program and could win his way into a great many others. For these reasons the Berton book sold more than 140,000 copies. All this opened a broad opportunity for a book in reply, even if it were privately published.

Moreover The Comfortable Pew simply had to be answered. It had offered the church some disastrous advice. The ills of Christendom, it seemed to say, could be cured completely if the Christian church would stop all this talk about God, sin and salvation and get on the bandwagon of scientific progressivism. Ironically, it suggested this just at the moment when many were deserting that bandwagon and beginning to have second thoughts that maybe there were such things as sin, salvation and God after all.

True enough, the publishers planned to produce in the fall what they called a "rebuttal" to The Comfortable Pew. In it a number of religiously-conscious people would all write an answer to Mr. Berton and, bewilderingly, Mr. Berton would join in the answer to himself. But the people chosen to write the rebuttal, with one notable exception, were all known to agree with Mr. Berton's main premise anyway, so it would be like Goering, Goebbels, Himmler and Von Ribbentrop teaming up to write a rebuttal to Mein Kampf.*

We decided therefore that the Company of the Cross, which operates the school, would publish the book and the proceeds would go into the school's

capital fund. But in order to do this we knew that we had to have someone remote from the school who could quickly round up a voluntary organization and run it. He had to be efficient, imaginative, dependable, charming, daring, miserly with the school's money and wantonly generous with his own, and finally prepared to work for nothing. We knew of only one such man.

Despite his protests, Mr. Mindell said he'd consider the task. He read the Byfield book and re-read The Comfortable Pew. At the same time, he secured the partnership in the enterprise of Miss Mary Scorer who runs the Winnipeg bookstore.

"I'm crazy," he said. "I'm absolutely crazy. But I agree with you. We have to get this book printed and distributed ourselves and we have to do it now."

Mr. Mindell waded into the job. He organized printing, postage and advertising. The Archbishop of Rupert's Land read the manuscript and sent a letter to every Anglican clergyman in the country, urging him to read the book. Peter Kuch, the Free Press cartoonist, illustrated it. Dr. William Pollard, the atomic scientist, wrote a foreword.

Into Mr. Mindell's insurance office poured the copies from the printing shop. Meanwhile he and his wife had rounded up a committee of 40 volunteers. Many were school parents or friends of the school. Others were church members who wanted to give the book a push. Night after night they worked filling hundreds of orders that came in from across Canada.

Mr. Mindell first bounced the original five thousand order to ten thousand, then to twenty. He wrestled with the post office to cut back the mailing cost. He bickered with printers to cut back the cost of printing and advertising. As letters poured in from 1,400 readers he fired off answers to every person that seemed to require one.

The book was reviewed favorably in nearly every Canadian daily and in church publications. Needless to say, however, it received a royal roasting in Toronto. The Telegram said it was "badly written" and The Globe and Mail deplored the fact that it had ever appeared. The Star took a six-column headline across its church page to announce that the book was no good. The Toronto Eaton's store at first refused to carry it, later relented and displayed it prominently.

Meanwhile, Mr. Ted Davies of the school staff went east and organized individuals and committees to promote it in Montreal, Ottawa, Hamilton and London. Mr. Frank Doolan of the school staff went west and developed similar support in Vancouver, Victoria, Calgary, Edmonton, Medicine Hat and Regina. Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Robinson of Calgary were particularly active and for two months Calgary sales exceeded Winnipeg's.

In Winnipeg, Mrs. Mindell organized

a telephone committee which called thousands of Anglicans in the city. Eatons in Winnipeg sold out four times and Hudson's Bay Company stores across the west promoted the book vigorously.

By the summer's end, the book had sold over 19,000 copies. All its expenses had been paid and it had made for the school a net profit of just under ten thousand dollars. Two large American publishing houses were asking for U.S. rights and a team of boys from the school were in the Hamilton-Niagara district selling it under the direction of Mr. Doolan in a campaign organized by Mr. and Mrs. Dawson Montgomery.

The book stood at the top of the Canadian non-fiction best seller list for three consecutive months.

All this was led by the man who did not know how to sell books. We hate to think what he must be like with something he does know how to sell.

* This mutual back-scratching disease, always active in Toronto anyway, has run rampant lately. Heather Robertson in the Winnipeg Tribune very properly protested against the fact that Toronto TV stars are forever interviewing one another on their own programs for the benefit of the rest of the country. She ought to get a load of what happens in the church. First, Rev. Ernest Harrison of the church's headquarters in Toronto asks Mr. Berton of Toronto television to write a book on the Anglican Church. Then Mr. Berton writes a book in response to Mr. Harrison's request. Then Mr. Harrison writes a book in response to Mr. Berton's book. Then in the national church paper (published in Toronto), Mr. Berton writes a review of the book which Mr. Harrison wrote in reply to the book which Mr. Berton wrote in response to the request of Mr. Harrison. All this is sponsored by the Anglican Church "of Canada." But surely we're not going to stop here. Why may we not now have a reply by Mr. Harrison to the review by Mr. Berton of the book by Mr. Harrison in reply to the book by Mr. Berton written at the request of Mr. Harrison? Let us by all means be sure that every aspect of this case is thoroughly covered.

PUBLIC RELATIONS

Tough In What Sense?

The St. John's Cathedral Boys' School spans its students.

It has always done so. It has never made any secret of it. And though the practice has been termed by some barbaric, feudal, sadistic, unenlightened, permanently damaging to the character of a child and anti-progressive, the fact is that we are not even one bit

ashamed of it. And we wholeheartedly recommend it to others.

We do not mean that extremes cannot be reached in this regard. Past generations undoubtedly reached them. But in recoiling in horror from that one extreme, it is altogether possible to plunge backward into the other. Failing to spank when a spanking is deserved may be just as bad as spanking too much.

To discuss, to explain, to reason with the child are all very necessary methods of discipline. But with most children there comes a time when even the most charitable mind must conclude that the child is no longer listening. And at that point the maxim becomes true that one swat is worth a thousand words.

This, anyway, has been the undisguised philosophy of St. John's and we've had only one regret about it. We don't like the term which has come to be applied to the flat board which is used to effect the philosophy. The fact is that the boys call it a "stretcher." Practically nobody knows why they call it this and the ideas which people have on the subject are both fascinating and absurd.

One man explains that it symbolizes the fact that the boy is made to stretch his capacities to do work. Another theory is that it's somehow connected with the boy bending to touch his toes. But this is all foolishness. The word originated in the old rowing cutters used in the school's earliest days. There's a flat board in a rowing cutter against which the oarsmen brace their feet and stretch back when they pull on the oars. It's called a stretcher. It must be adjustable to conform to the height of the oarsman and it's therefore removable. It very quickly came to be used as a spanker. The rowing cutters have long since been retired, but the term "stretcher" remains in active service.

It has not remained without opposition. We have tried to introduce new terminology. We've hopefully called them "spankers" or "paddles." But no traditions are more hide-bound than those of a school. Eradicating the term was simply impossible.

So we lived with it and pretty much



VOLUNTEERS AT WORK ON BOOK

Within four months they'd made \$10,000.

ignored it. That is, up until last fall. Then unhappily we were given abrupt cause to review it all again.

A middle-aged lady arrived one day at the school and said she was from the CBC in Winnipeg. CBC Spotlight, she said, wanted to do an item "on the work of the school." Readily we agreed and several days later a crew of some seven CBC personnel arrived at the school.

The program, it turned out, was to consist almost entirely of seven interviews — one with the headmaster, one with a teacher and five with the students. And as these interviews progressed, it gradually dawned on us that the program was to concern one aspect only of St. John's — its discipline, or, as the announcer repeatedly called it, its "toughness."

(The word "tough" is a curious term. It carries two distinct connotations, one good, the other bad. Example: "Churchill's tough resistance defeated the Nazi menace." Here it means fortitude. But "The old gentleman was beset on the street by a gang of toughs." Here it means bullies. In preliminary conversations with us it was never entirely clear in which sense the CBC personnel were using the term. It became clear however as the actual interviews progressed.)

The headmaster was first asked why he didn't dress like other headmasters. He did what he could to explain. He could scarcely however point out that other headmasters need not repair the washing machines and pass numerous afternoons in the barn shovelling chicken manure. Neither could he very easily protest that his clothing wasn't all that bad anyway.

Then followed numerous questions on the school's "tough" discipline system and that was the end of the interview.

The interview with Ted Byfield, the teacher, went substantially the same way. Why, he was asked, had the crack not been repaired in the ceiling of the teachers' common room at St. John's Cathedral Boys' School?

Then he was asked how the wives of teachers stood up to it all out here. Had any of them left? No, said Mr. Byfield, none of the wives had run away.

So it went for another six minutes and then the boys were called in. Each was asked in turn: "What do you think of the stretcher?" How they were expected to answer this is an interesting consideration. If they said they didn't like the stretcher they could be demonstrated as protesting against the school. If they said they just loved the stretcher, they could be demonstrated as demented with masochistic tendencies. They lost both ways.

The boys however demonstrated far more sense than the staff of either the school or the CBC. Their answers were straight-forward, well-spoken, and telling. Though each was interviewed

privately, each replied in much the same way. They didn't like the stretcher but they thought that from time to time it was necessary.

But the CBC did not bother to explain the origin of the term so that the impression left was somewhat bewildering. One woman later asked if the method of punishment in St. John's "was like that thing they used in the inquisition."

Neither did the CBC explain much else about the school. No questions at all were asked about the academic program, the religious studies curriculum, the farm, the sales program, the activities in the canoes and on snowshoes, nor the radio electronics and science courses. There just wasn't time for this, the producer explained.

The program naturally created an uproar. There were calls to the CBC, calls to the clergy, calls to the school and a variety of demands that the school be closed, the boys be "rescued" and the teachers jailed. Many people however protested the

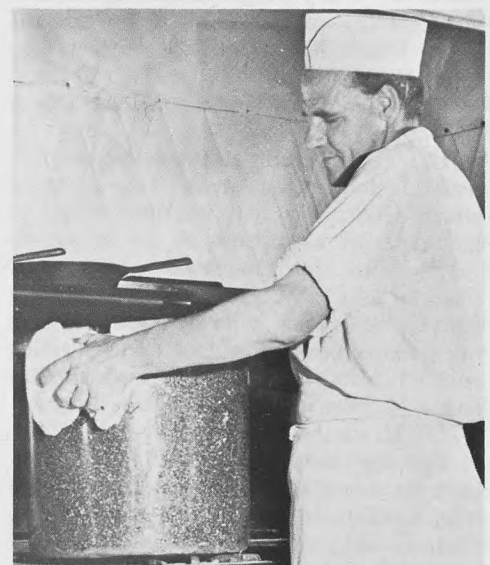
way the program had been handled and one helpful citizen, who believes in acting rather than talking, offered to send us a donation to repair the ceiling in the teachers' common room.

In the end we were inclined to think that Bob Noble, the TV critic for the Winnipeg Free Press, had summed things up. "The performance by both the CBC and the school staff," he wrote, "was unworthy of a great school and the great cathedral with which it is connected."

Many parents felt the same. Why, they asked, had we co-operated in such a travesty? The answer is that we'd been spoiled. The CBC had done several programs on the school in the past. One of them, made by producer Ernie Mutimer seven years ago and called The St. John's Venture, so penetrated to the principles behind the place that it practically set the school on its feet. With questions about broken ceilings, run-away wives and ill-clad headmasters we were simply unprepared to deal.



INSIDE DORM
Interior of New Building.



OLD HAND
Charlie Race on the job.



NEW SCHOOL TRUCK
Three-ton GMC works on farm and marine program.



DAWN ON THE MINNESOTA
McNaughton and Brandon II reflect the day's first light.



MOMENT OF TRIUMPH
Davies II when the Fort William brigade arrives at Winnipeg.



LAST LOAD
Booth loads Baptiste for last time at St. John's park arrival.

BACKWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS!

BY MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

Criticisms of the Anglican Church in the past year have become one of the most marketable products in journalism. Here's one reprinted with the permission of the *New Statesman* of London, England. It takes a very different viewpoint from those criticisms that have emanated from Canada. While we don't necessarily agree with much of what it says, we believe that the warning it sounds to Christendom is far more valid than the criticisms offered by the Canadian critics. Mr. Muggeridge is a London newspaper columnist and B.B.C. commentator.

Some future historian, I suppose, will one day survey this curious time of ours with the ironic detachment of a Gibbon. He is to be envied. What a rare harvest awaits him! — always, of course, assuming that we do not, in obedience to the death-wish which seems to possess us, destroy ourselves and all our records. Even if the records survive, they will, in any case, be difficult to make out. Such a vast accumulation of lies and slanted information! Such contradictory conclusions and conflicting evidence! How will it all ever be disentangled? A resident newspaper correspondent in Moscow was asked by a wide-eyed visiting leftist, when Stalin's purges were in full swing, how far the court proceedings were to be believed. Everything was true, he replied, except the facts. It might be our epitaph. Never have so many facts been accumulated, never have such ingenious and efficacious means of propagating them far and wide been devised, but only to weave a great web of deception. The Dark Ages were noontide compared with our light.

My future historian will certainly want to devote a chapter, if not a volume, to the Christian churches in the mid-20th century. Their performance is bound to strike him as hilarious. They were funny enough when with crazy gallantry they tried to defend the Book of Genesis against Darwin's *panzers*; they are even funnier now that, belatedly, they have decided to join the army of progress just when it is in total disarray, if not in headlong retreat. They are like a citadel which resists wave after wave of attack; whose garrison, besieged, starving, decimated, holds desperately on, only, when the attackers themselves have lost heart and decided to abandon the struggle, to open the gates and sally forth bearing white flags. French letters and copies of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* have been laid as propitiatory offerings on an expiring altar; the Red Sea opened, but the hosts of Israel, mistaking their direction, took the opportunity to return to Egypt and bondage.

Towards the end of the last century it would have seemed only too obvious that Christian institutions which bowed to the prevailing evolutionary current had the best chance of survival. Let them jettison their more ludicrous dogma and ceremonial, and take their place in the vanguard of progress; as it were, sell out their Heavens for what they would fetch and buy in Earths on a rising market. Then they could be sure of finding themselves on the winning side. Where are they now? — those ethical churches, those pearly gates opening onto the kingdom of heaven on earth, those hothouse blooms, nurtured by crossing the *Origin of Species* with *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, which made so fair a show in their day? All faltering or extinct. There is wind on the heath, brother, still, but it blows where it listeth, and is tainted with the stench of a charnel-house.

As things have turned out, it is 'enlightened' sects like the Unitarians who have withered on the vine, not 'obscurantist' Roman Catholicism. The Little Bethels are closing down, but the Scarlet Woman, drunk with the blood of the Saints, has unaccountably thriven in the age of science and enlightenment. Shaw is today more dated than St. Paul, and poor old Wells turned his face to the

wall and cried his eyes out in *Mind at the End of Its Tether* just because the atom had been split, when he of all people should have offered thanks. One does not expect a Salvation Army band to throw away their instruments and turn tail and run on Judgement Day. Walt Whitman, Edward Carpenter, William Morris — how far, far away their voices sound, whereas the crowning of a Pope attracts almost as many viewers as a royal occasion and rates a Dimpleby commentary.

My historian would find this state of affairs highly diverting I am sure. His astonishment would be all the greater that the Roman Catholic Church itself, having witnessed the ruinous consequences to its Protestant rivals of compounding with contemporary trends, should now seem set upon following a like course. Just when the Reformation appears to be finally fizzling out, another, it seems is incubating in Rome. Luther escapes from John Osborne's hands into — of all places — the Vatican. The Church's profound pessimism about human life, miraculously preserved through the long false dawn of science, is about to be shed at the precise historical moment that it is most relevant and most urgently needed to save men's reason, if not their souls.

Pessimism is, indeed, Christianity's great strength, and the reason for its survival. The concept of this world as a wilderness, and of human life as short and brutish, fits the circumstances of most people most of the time. The contrary proposition — that earthly life can be satisfying within its own dimensions and on its own terms, leads to such mental strain and confusion as to be scarcely tenable, other than briefly and artificially. The kingdom of heaven in heaven may be a dubious proposition, but through the centuries it has appealed both to sophisticates like St. Augustine and Pascal, and to all the simple-hearted who, legitimately disappointed with their lives here on earth, pin their hopes in a future beatitude beyond the grave. To proclaim a kingdom of heaven on earth, on the other hand, is both deceptive and intrinsically absurd. The maintenance of such a notion requires mental gymnastics so extreme and so strenuous that they usually produce dementia.

Thus if the kingdom of heaven on earth has dawned for us now, it is necessary to regard this age as exceptionally and increasingly humane, when in point of fact it has evidently been notable for slaughter, cruelty and destruction on a scale rarely, if ever, exceeded in history. We have to offset the Health Service against Hitler's gas-chambers, the Third Programme against the wanton destruction of many of the finest products of our civilization like the city of Dresden, Parks of Culture and Rest against the monstrous annihilations of Stalin, Unesco against the millions of displaced persons (that blood-curdling term, itself an emanation of a lost mind reaching after a lost soul). We have to persuade ourselves that we are moving towards a condition of peace and enlightenment when, in fact, wealth and skills are being devoted on an inconceivable scale to making weapons capable of blowing us and our world to smithereens, such weapons being in the hands of 10th-rate demagogues like Lyndon Johnson and

the hard-faced men, his opposite numbers, in the Kremlin who unaccountably succeed one another in power.

Above all, we have to persuade ourselves that we are happy. This is the most difficult and sanity-destroying operation of all. The psychiatric wards are full of patients guiltily conscious of having failed to be happy. The ever-increasing numbers of the mentally sick (20 million now, reportedly, in America, the happiest land) have cracked under the strain. Scandinavian happiness (another happy land, portrayed by Ingmar Bergman) often seems to fall out of the window. Hemingway's happiness was a bullet he fired into his brain. I gave my happiness an airing on the M1, and it collided with someone else's, spattering the tarmac with blood. I swallowed my happiness in a little colored pill, I read it in the **Readers' Digest**, I saw it on a glossy page.

Deliverance from happiness would seem to be the greatest need of mankind today, and the Christian churches an ideal instrument for bringing it about. The New and Old Testaments are full of the hopelessness of looking for anything but tribulation in this world, and the senses stand condemned as gross deceivers which enslave and ruin their addicts. We are to die in the flesh to be reborn in the spirit. One may carry so sublime a notion around with one like the picture of a loved face, taking it out from time to time to look at it with sick longing.

Yet, strangely enough, just at this moment when, of all others, such a message is desperately needed, the trend in the Christian churches is all the other way. One may, perhaps, leave out of account the Anglican Church, which has long been an object of derision. If it were to be disestablished it would be seen to have practically ceased to exist. Its lovely edifices are falling into decay; its superb **Book of Common Prayer** scarcely redeems its shambling services; its clergy are, for the most part, forlorn and negligible. Words cannot convey the doctrinal confusion, ineptitude and sheer chicanery of the run-of-the-mill incumbent, with his Thirty-Nine Articles in which he does not even purport to believe, with his listless exhortations, mumbled prayers and half-baked confusion of the Christian faith with better housing, shorter hours of work and the United Nations.

One may sympathise with the difficulties of comprehending within one body the former Dean of Canterbury and the present Bishop of Woolwich, as one looks in vain for any guiding light of reason, or even sanity, in equating the Pauline view of sex with D. H. Lawrence's. The outcome, in any case, is a shambles, amiable and well-meaning, perhaps, but playing virtually no part in the lives even of the few who continue to participate in Anglican worship.

That the Roman Catholic Church should now have embarked on the same road strikes a Protestant as more surprising. Through the years it has maintained its position, refusing to be stampeded by the claims and pretensions of an increasingly materialist world. Its position including its opposition to contraception, always seemed to me, according to its own terms of reference, wholly logical and sound. Nor am I much impressed by the breast-beating among non-Christians over the woes of excessive child-bearing. Far deeper and more ignominious suffering comes of sterility. Moreover, my historian (returning to him for a moment) will surely note as a highly bizarre circumstance the fact that the strongest demand for birth-control should have come precisely when the possibilities in the way of food production are seen to be virtually illimitable, and when the whole universe is about to be opened up, providing space to accommodate a million, million times our present squalid little human family.

The Roman Catholic Church is the one remaining, as it has been far and away the strongest bastion of Christendom. If it is now crumbling (as seems to be the case), and in process of succumbing to the siren voices of material and fleshly well-being wafted across the Atlantic, then the game is finally up. The long tortuous path through history of this truly remarkable institution will have ended at last; the story which began so strangely and momentarily in Palestine 2,000 years ago has finally lost its power to shape and animate our human destiny. Affluence broad-

ening down from hire-purchase payment to hire-purchase payment will not salvage it, nor the best of all possible birth-pills down the most amenable of all possible gullets, nor more and better education, nor even votes for teenagers, nor any of the other panaceas which have been or will be proffered. A light will have gone out which has illumined all our lives, shone through the art and literature of a long civilization, and served to hold at bay, if only fitfully and inadequately, the wild appetites to gorge and dominate which afflict all our hearts.

ANGLICANISM DEFENDED

Sir, — I am too far away to be able to respond quickly to articles. May I, even at this distance of time, comment on Malcolm Muggeridge's 'Backward, Christian Soldiers'? 'One may perhaps,' he writes, 'leave out of account the Anglican Church, which has long been an object of derision . . . a shambles, amiable and well-meaning, perhaps, but playing virtually no part in the lives even of the few who continue to participate in Anglican worship . . .'

I take Muggeridge seriously, because I believe his words are a true reflection of current opinion concerning the Anglican church. Such a spate of similar statements has been flowing for so long and with such vigour down the columns of the newspapers which reach me that I cannot really doubt this. But I do not see why such statements should remain unanswered; and, if my voice will carry so far, I would like to remind Muggeridge and your readers that to be 'an object of derision' is not always a bad thing for the Christian church. It was in fact precisely the role assumed by Christ himself and assigned by him to his followers. To be a 'shambles', 'despised and rejected of men' — this, strangely enough, is the Christian vocation. As Muggeridge reminds us all in the same article a few lines higher up the page: 'We are to die in the flesh to be reborn in the spirit. One may carry so sublime a notion around with one like the picture of a loved face, taking it out from time to time to look at it with sick longing . . .'

Only some of us haven't the time to carry sublime notions around and look at them with longing, sick or otherwise. We have to try to live by them. I wonder, quite honestly, what Muggeridge would regard as a fair test of faithfulness to the Christian ideal? And I wonder, too, why he and so many others who write about the Anglican church in this generation are so ready to contrast it derisively with the Church of Rome and other Christian bodies? In what area of Christian witness has it failed?

I think I can claim to be representative of that period of history to which Muggeridge is referring, and which covers specifically the tortured years before, during and after the Second World War up to the present moment. I can also claim, and I am not ashamed of it, to be an Anglican; for just over half my life an ordained minister, and for the past five years a bishop in that despised communion. Looking back over the recent past and thinking first of those Christian leaders who have spoken to England and for England in her darkest hours, I would rather stand associated with Archbishop William Temple and Bishop George Bell of Chichester than with any other Christians of this generation.

I notice — is it pure chance? — that the only major poet of our day, T. S. Eliot, chose the Anglican church at his conversion to Christianity and died in its arms. It may be true, as Muggeridge avers, that 'its lovely edifices are falling into decay . . .'

I haven't been in England long enough recently to know this. But I know that two new cathedrals have been consecrated within the past five years, and that one of them has stirred the imagination and the wonder of millions.

Of the 'shambling services' I am in no position to write, for I have obviously been much more fortunate than Muggeridge in those I have attended or taken part in. I can remember, for instance, a couple of years before coming back to Africa, spending Holy Week at All Saints, Margaret Street, a church which I had known since childhood.

In those days it had been crowded with worshippers; it was crowded still, and with people who had come not just to listen, but to pray. 'Doctrinal confusion, ineptitude and sheer chicanery . . .' are strong words for even an intelligent outsider (or is Muggeridge really an angry insider?) to use about 'the run-of-the-mill incumbent' but they cannot be repudiated, for they are incapable of verification.

Some clergymen are confused and inept and cunning, no doubt. So, very obviously, are some journalists. But the clergymen, as a rule, do not earn their living by deliberate denigration of their fellow-men. Indeed, they don't earn much of a living in any case; they never have. And I think it is this that makes me increasingly angry at the kind of attack typified by the Muggeridge article. The Anglican church, whether in England (where alone it is Established) or overseas, is served by priests as faithful as any in the Christian world; and as alive to the challenges confronting their generation. It is the enormity of the challenges, not the confusion of the clergy, which ought to exercise the minds of serious journalists. And if the answers to these challenges seem sometimes inept, let us have the benefit of this journalistic brilliance without its cynicism.

My experience has, of course, been limited. My life has been lived mainly in two of the African provinces of the Anglican communion. Long before the rest of the world cared about what happened to Africans under apartheid; long before any high-powered journalists troubled to use their pens to reveal the horrors of racial discrimination; long before the leaders of the Commonwealth ever considered that there was a moral issue involved in racialism — the Anglican church was fighting it. And it was doing so with no weapons except the simple faithfulness of its clergy and laity. Michael Scott, Alan Paton, Arthur Blaxall, Hannah Stanton, Ambrose Reeves . . . When that bit of history comes to be written it will be seen which part of Christendom first rose to the challenge and led the Christian church. But no doubt there will still be those who can see in this only an 'object of derision' and 'a sham-

bles', only the pathetic action of a 'forlorn and negligible' remnant. It is a question, in the last resort, of vision. And not even the most percipient journalists are always granted that gift. Or so it would seem.

TREVOR HUDDLESTON

Masasi, Tanzania

REJOINDER

Sir, — Bishop Huddleston's rejoinder seemed to me to evade the main point. Of course there have been good Anglicans; Bishop Huddleston is one himself. Of course there are thriving congregations like All Saints, Margaret Street. Of course the Anglican Church in South Africa has a better record on apartheid than, for instance, the Dutch Reformed Church. None of this, however, alters the fact that doctrinally the Anglican Church is in a state of utter confusion, that its clergy in order to be ordained have to give a solemn assent to Articles they do not even pretend to believe (a procedure that would be considered dishonest in most professions, and even in business), that its parent body is part of a state set-up many of whose leading personnel, acts and policies are abhorrent to Christians like Bishop Huddleston, that and collective, which confront us today. What I was concerned to point out was that the failure of the Protestant churches to make this answer manifest might well be due to their having joined too readily and eagerly in the Gadarene pursuit of a kingdom of heaven on earth on which most of mankind now seem bent, and that if the Roman Church were to adopt a similar course, as now seems probable, it must inevitably land itself in a similar plight. In this sense good Anglicans like Archbishop Temple and Bishop Huddleston himself may prove historically to have been more ruinous to their Church than the Rector of Stiffkey and the other clerical buffoons who get in the newspapers so regularly and so distressingly. Fighting the good fight is all very well, but from the Church's point of view what really matters, surely, is keeping a light shining before men to guide them across time and into eternity.

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

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ST. JOHN'S NEEDS YOUR HELP (And Possibly You)

The St. John's Cathedral Boys' School, and the Company of the Cross which runs it, need your help.

Under the laws of Manitoba private schools do not receive help from the province or municipality. The operating costs of this school must therefore be met by the boys' fees (\$65 a month), by the fact that teacher income is restricted to necessities and by the work which the boys do themselves in the school and on the farm.

However capital costs — the expenses of such things as new buildings and new equipment —

must be met from other sources. At present, for instance, the school must finish paying a \$50,000 bank loan which was used to put up a new dormitory block. Classroom and dining facilities are provided in an abandoned hospital building, all of which is at least 60 years old and some of which is more than 100. New classrooms and a dining room must be provided very soon.

If, having read our report, you want to help us with this work, please tear out the cheque opposite and send it to St. John's Cathedral Boys' School, Selkirk, Manitoba. Be sure to include

your address so that we'll know whom to thank and where to send a receipt. Donations are deductible.

If you should be in the Selkirk district, be sure to drop in and see us and one of the boys will show you around the school.

Finally, if you in your personal life feel called to the kind of work done by the Company of the Cross, write to us with your inquiry. To widen the work of the Company into other schools in other parts of Canada, a great deal remains to be done. In fact, the job has hardly begun. Good men will be required to finish it.

The Company of the Cross
Box 670
SELKIRK, MANITOBA

_____ 19____

TO _____
(NAME OF BANK)

(BRANCH)

PAY TO THE ORDER OF ST. JOHN'S CATHEDRAL BOYS' SCHOOL \$ _____

_____ 100 _____ DOLLARS

ACCOUNT
NUMBER

SIGNATURE

ADDRESS





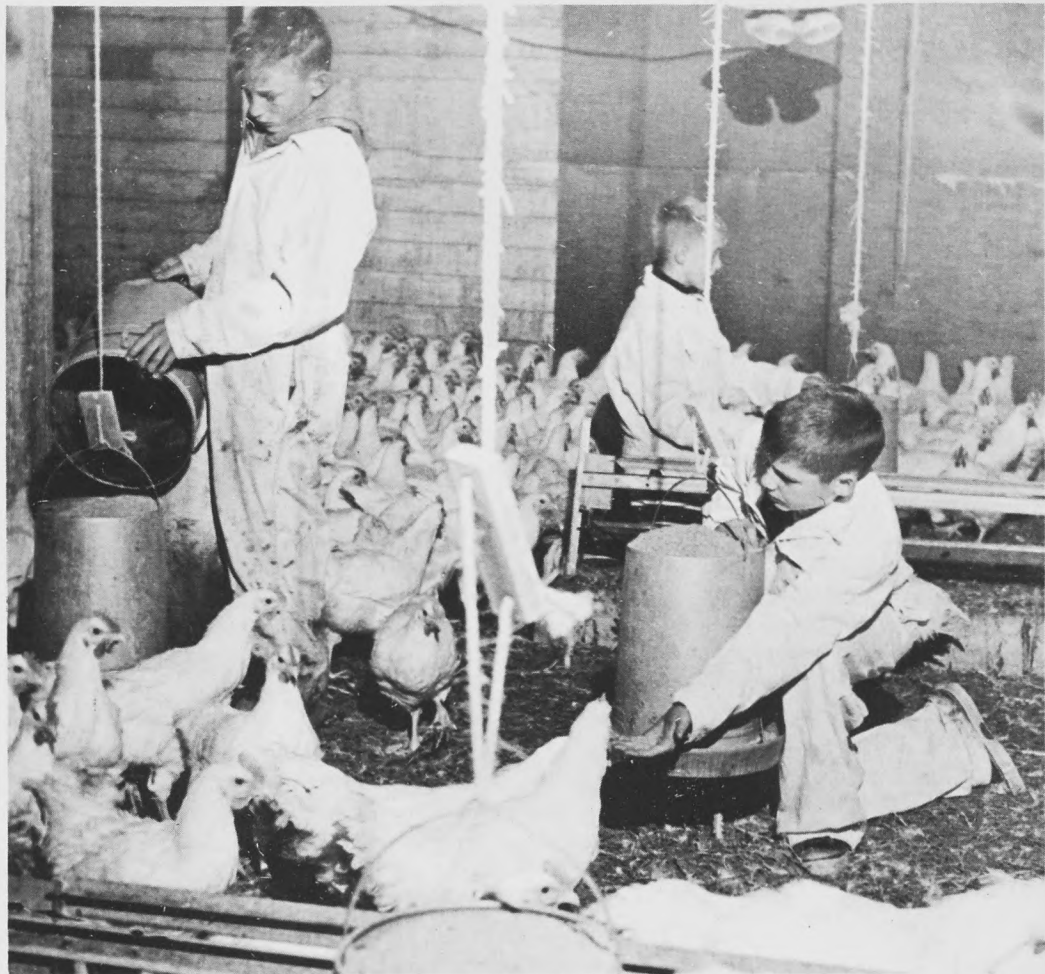
GRAIN FOR THE HOLSTEIN HERD

Don Chennells pours chop in a feeder to fatten Holstein steers.



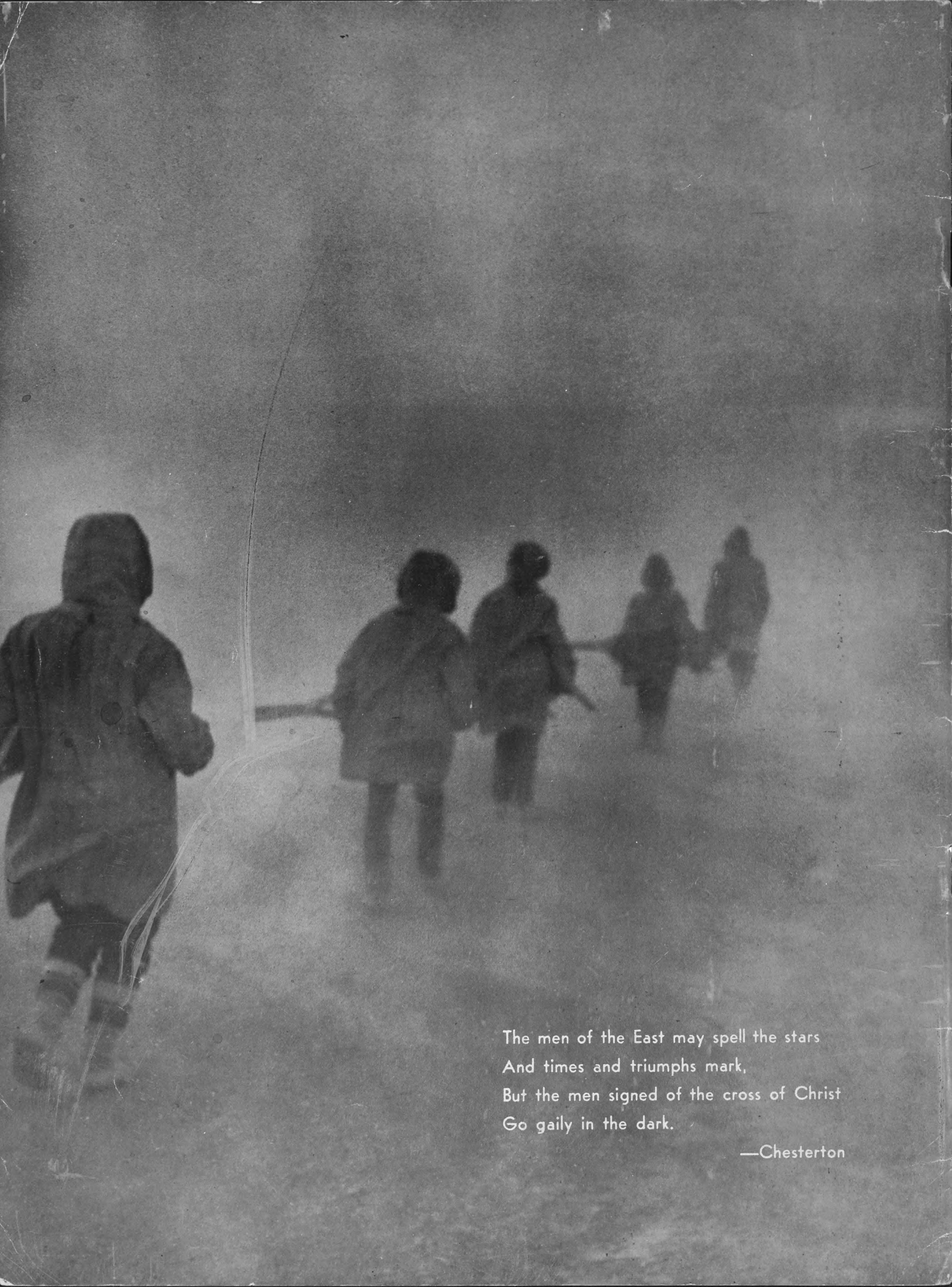
LOADING HAY

Jon Guy and Glenn Countryman hoist a bale.



FILLING CHICKEN FEEDERS

Chris Brandy, Craig McBain and David Humeniuk feed the flock.



The men of the East may spell the stars
And times and triumphs mark,
But the men signed of the cross of Christ
Go gaily in the dark.

—Chesterton